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# **MARY ANNE WELLINGTON.**

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**VOL. I.**







*The Soldier's Daughter.*

London, Henry Colburn, 1846.

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MARY ANNE WELLINGTON,

THE

SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER,

WIFE, AND WIDOW.

BY

THE REV. RICHARD COBBOLD,

RECTOR OF WORTHAM, AND RURAL DEAN.

AUTHOR OF

“THE HISTORY OF MARGARET CATCHPOLE.”

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:  
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,  
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1846.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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ANOTHER Narrative of Female Adventure, from the pen of the Author of "The History of Margaret Catchpole," will probably be received by the public with increased interest, on account of the perfect truth of the narrative being within the compass of any one's inquiry. In August, 1845, William Freeman, Esq., the late Mayor of Norwich, invited the attention of the Reverend Author, to the peculiar circumstances in the History of Mary Anne Wellington, who was the daughter of George Wellington, one of the Artillerymen at the famous siege of Gibraltar. She married a soldier in the gallant 48th, and accompanied him through all the Peninsular campaigns. Her fortitude in the hour of danger, and her attention to the wounded, were witnessed by many officers still living, who

were also aware of the extraordinary adventures in which she distinguished herself. Her husband died in 1844, and the widow has since fallen into distress. She is greatly respected by all who know her in the city of Norwich, where she still resides.

Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and His Grace the Duke of Wellington, have all been temporary benefactors to her; and her Majesty the Queen Dowager has most graciously consented to accept the dedication of her History.

TO  
**ADELAIDE,**  
**QUEEN DOWAGER OF ENGLAND,**  
THIS WORK  
IS  
(WITH PERMISSION)  
DEDICATED  
BY  
HER MAJESTY'S  
HUMBLE SERVANT,  
THE AUTHOR.



TO  
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY  
ADELAIDE,  
THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

---

MADAM,

YOUR MAJESTY's great kindness to the Individual whose History these pages record, encouraged me to solicit the favour of your Patronage to this Narrative. The high honour you have done me by your acquiescence, and the gracious manner in which Your Majesty has condescended to accept the Dedication of the Work, demand the grateful acknowledgments of

Your Majesty's  
most obedient and very humble servant,  
RICHARD COBBOLD.

RECTORY, WORTHAM,  
NEAR DISS,  
SEPTEMBER 1846.



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### VOLUME I.

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER	-	-	-	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE ESCAPE	-	-	-	50

---

### VOLUME II.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE	-	-	-	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE SURPRISE	-	-	-	98
THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE	-	-	-	179
THE DEATH OF DAN	-	-	-	289

---

### VOLUME III.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW	-	-	-	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE CAPTURED SHARK	-	-	-	47



# MARY ANNE WELLINGTON.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

IT was at that period when God was about to punish the nations of the earth for their impieties, that the humble individual, whose history will form the subject of the following pages, was born. Never had there been a time, since the establishment of Christianity, when infidelity so boldly stalked abroad in civilized countries. Europe was infested with maxims, theories, notions, political and religious postulates, absurd queries, bold follies, audacious axioms, and all kinds of propositions, to reform States and

Empires, to renovate Constitutions, and to raise men above all forms and ceremonies, all time-worn laws, and to emancipate them from governments, which, though sanctioned by use and ages, were not deemed by the innovators consonant with freedom, or the rights of conscience, or of man.

It is true that profligacy, both in political states and religious communities, had reached an enormous pitch—that men were “heady, high-minded,” and impatient of order, and respect for politically constituted authorities—that in religion, speculative notions and latitudinarian principles prevailed to such a degree as to usurp the place of God’s Commandments; and men were ripe for rebellion, whether the authority of law were from God or man.

Such a state of things could not fail to call down vengeance from Him in whom Order, Love, and Harmony are, and were ever, the most prevailing attributes. His proclamation, “Sword go through that country and smite it,” was disregarded. Men learned to love war, and instead of looking upon it

as one of the dreadful scourges of the Almighty, they esteemed it as a road to honour, and, perchance, to immortality. As if the road to eternal glory lay through scenes of carnage and bloodshed, at which humanity shudders, and reflection, calm reflection, is overwhelmed with tears! God was provoked to assert His honour, and, in the midst of men's wickednesses, to send the sword, not only through one country, but throughout all the great nations of the world. Revolutions were at that period matters of ordinary occurrence, and all the enormities which they produced were but so many interludes to the one grand piece of performance, the almost universal carnage of the sword.

Instruments were not wanting to produce the mighty effects of punishment, and, though termed Conquerors, Regenerators, Pacifiers, Warriors, Suns of Systems, Stars of Genius, and with idol adoration worshipped as something like the gods of old, yet were they but meteors of passing flame, coruscant for the moment, but raised up and used only to show how awful is the power

of Him, who puts a hook in the nose and a bridle in the mouth of even the most warlike Leviathan.

It was at such a period that the wife of George Wellington gave birth to a daughter, who not only inherited a soldier's blood, but became also the parent of children whose profession is the sword. Wellington is a name that, as long as British fame shall last, will be connected with the historical records of the great triumph of right over might; the subjugation of false principles to lawful order, and the solid proof that a faithful servant shall always be better than a lawless usurper. Let men of wisdom record his career, men worthy to write of great things, who can measure with a just line even the greatness of his spirit, and point to his instrumentality, as upholding the balance of powers which could only be freely held in the hands of inscrutable justice.

These pages, and the writer of them, must condescend to minor things,—to the elucidation of one of those minutiae, thousands and millions

of which, tend to make up the history of the great hero, the mention of whose name has created this diversion from the original narrative. Yet the name which the great Captain bears, as a title, was one long known in the armies of Great Britain, and, though borne by one of inferior rank, was yet not unworthy of notice long before it became honoured in its adoption by that martial genius who reflects honour upon its possession. Wellington was the name of a soldier, whose generations, for many hundred years, had been associated with his country's honours, though a name never advanced beyond the ranks till he who took it raised it above that of every other officer.

George Wellington, the father of the heroine of these pages, was a private in the Royal Artillery, stationed at Gibraltar. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, had all been in the same service before him; they had married and intermarried with soldiers' families, and the brave fellow who was the parent of our heroine was one of those noble defenders of Gibraltar, who, under the command of General Eliot, bade defiance to the com

bined forces of Spain and France, and for four years defended the rights of his country during a siege unparalleled in the records of besieged places.

Of all men of his day, General Eliot best knew the powers of defence. No man had a more correct judgment, no man knew better how to act with precision ; and no man, it is said, better understood the men he had to deal with, whether they were friends or foes. He was formed for patient endurance as well as vigorous activity, and none overcame him by sleight of hand, or by invention ; for he was as quick in comprehension as ready in emergencies. Never were patience, firmness, and fortitude more conspicuously tried, than at the siege of Gibraltar, where a handful of men had to withstand all the combinations of engineers, all the attacks of numbers, and the weapons of sea and land, with but the advice, inspection, and command, of one master-mind. That mind was Eliot's.

“ What are they at now, Wellington ? ” was his familiar speech to the active artilleryman, as he walked upon the ramparts of the fortification, on the

evening of the 12th September, 1782. "What are they at now? Have you noted anything in your watch, worthy of observation?"

"Nothing more than what your honour has observed for some days past. The battering ships seem to be drawing closer to us, and by this time they must be pretty well prepared to tell us what they mean. Two rockets went up about ten minutes since, and were answered by two of the same kind from the land. Boats have been plying from ship to ship, and I think we shall have a hailstorm, your honour, on the morrow."

"You are not far out in your calculation, I think. The Duke de Crillon has been more alive than I have seen him for weeks past, and Monsieur D'Arcon has been as busy as if he were going to set the world on fire!—Warm work to-morrow for them as well as ourselves. Who mounts guard upon this battery after you, Wellington?"

"My comrade Arberry, your honour."

"Tell him to keep a sharp look-out, and be sure to report to the officer of the night whatever movements he may observe in the enemy."

“I will, your honour, I will. I ask your honour’s pardon for the liberty I’m taking, but I hope your honour has not forgotten your promise made two years ago ?”

“If I have, Wellington, remind me of it ; but this busy work has lasted as many years as I thought it would months, and there’s many a poor fellow to whom I promised promotion, that is gone, I hope, to a better world.”

“Och, your honour, and it was no such promotion that I was just now thinking about ; but, two years since, your honour promised to speak a good word for me to Corporal Blakes’ daughter, and when your honour spoke to us upon the heights one day, you promised to give us a love-knot on our wedding-day. Your honour has not forgotten it mehap ?”

“At all events you have not, my brave fellow ; and, if we all survive this last grand effort of the Dons, and can keep our bulwarks free from intrusion, then remind me of it, Wellington, either through my secretary or your own commanding officer, and you shall have it.”

The General turned to depart, as Wellington said—

“I hope your honour has got plenty of red-hot for them, for, by the powers, we shall need to give them something warm in return for their good intentions.”

“Never fear, my brave fellow! We have fully determined to try the power of red-hot shot upon their hulks; and, if we do not fire some of them, I shall be greatly disappointed. I hope this attack will end the siege.”

“God grant it may, your honour! and if every reserve contains the main strength of the battle, I think they have got as formidable a one as was ever kept for the last push.”

The brave General Eliot prepared his defence, against as formidable an attack as ever was made upon any body of his bold countrymen. He had suffered his enemies to mature their plans; but not without due observation, and every necessary precaution on his own part. To the immortal honour of England's bravest heroes, and to the glory of our

country, at every opportunity, both the army and navy never failed to give thanks to the Lord God for strength and support in the day of battle. Whilst other nations thought only of secondary causes, and made human intelligence and ambition the mainspring of their actions, England set her face against such presumption; and, both before and after the awful hour of battle, officers and privates might be seen united in the act of prayer, and bowing their heads to the Supreme, who can alone give the victory. General Eliot, and every officer and private under his command, were thus prepared against the dreadful day. No man's nerves were the weaker for this united devotion; neither did they the less perform their duties as soldiers and sailors because they put their trust in God. A brave man is glad of peace; he is merciful in battle to his fallen foe; though he may take good care to disarm him.

It was quite a new mode of attack which was now commenced against Gibraltar. Some floating ships of a new species had been constructed—roofed towers,

of such ingenious form, and of such strength, that Monsieur d'Arcon, in the joy of his heart, declared to the Spanish Admiral that "they were ball-proof, and would stand a week against any battery in the world."

Eliot, however, had confidence in his own resources, and did not attempt their destruction until they advanced, perfectly equipped, for the purpose of endeavouring to destroy him. He had, indeed, purposely suffered the united powers of France and Spain to spend an enormous sum of money in fitting up these batteries, that he might the more effectually cripple their future exertions by the destruction of them.

Early in the morning of the 18th of September, 1782, these huge masses, of from six hundred to fourteen hundred tons burthen each, approached the rock. Their brass guns glittered like gold, for they were perfectly new, and had never until that day fired a shot at a foe. In all, there were two hundred and twelve such shining guns, many of which spoke that day for the first and last time. The whole host of

besiegers, both by land and sea, commenced almost simultaneously the undaunted attack. Forty thousand men were ready to take advantage of any impression which might be made upon the works.

Eliot himself was roused at an early hour, but, such had been his foresight with regard to the continued duration of the attack, and the necessity of husbanding his strength, so as not to over-work any of his men, that he had given strict orders for relays of them to succeed each other at the guns every two hours, and casualty-men to be ready to supply any deficiency which might be made in their ranks. He had so completely matured his plans, and was so ably seconded by his officers, that no point of attack was left uncovered.

The incessant cannonade, so regularly commenced and sustained by the besiegers, was as regularly answered by the defenders. There was no intermission of hostilities, from nine o'clock in the morning until long past midnight. Bombarding vessels took each other's places, under as regular a system

of attack as ever was displayed ; but, to their astonishment and confusion, they found themselves answered as incessantly as if the number of the besieged had been equal to that of the besiegers ! It was, indeed, such a spectacle as the world never saw before, and God grant that it may never see the like again !

“ Fire, and blood, and vapour of smoke” might be seen on all sides ; and, when it is considered that, for twenty-four hours, four hundred pieces of the heaviest artillery were playing together, what a scene of destruction must have been displayed ! No pen can describe the thunder and lightning of that scene. All was distant but dreadful intonation—no skirmishes to divert attention, no hand-to-hand engagement, but a sort of universal thundering, from morn till night.

Yet Eliot was a cool, calm, and determined spectator, and never at any time had he to alter his disposition of defence, and scarcely to give any new order. This speaks well for his generalship, and shows that he was a man with a master mind, one

who conceived well, executed deliberately, and was able to maintain his position without calling for more supplies than he had prepared. What greater proof of matured talent in the art of war can be produced, than the exhibition of judgment such as his?

About two in the afternoon, General Eliot gave command for his grand movement, which had been well prepared; namely, that awful cannonade of red-hot balls, which then for the first time were brought into such fearful operation. It had been long talked of among the veterans of the artillery and Wellington, with whom Eliot had conversed on the ramparts, was one of those who signalized themselves by their zealous advocacy of this plan.

It was at the fiercest hour of the engagement, that this red-hot explosion took place, and that this brave soldier saw with satisfaction, his favourite project carried into execution. Thunder and lightning went together without interval; and soon were their effects seen in the firing of the Admiral's ship. Smoke issued in a vast body from her sides,

in a moment all hands aboard were employed to avert the increasing danger, and the safety of the ship depended on her silence! Still, such was the fury of the red-hot shower, that the Admiral was compelled to shift his quarters, and to seek safety in another hulk. Several of these vessels took fire, and, about one in the morning, the flames ascending from them were terrific in the extreme. Rockets now ascended, as signals for the boats of friends to come to their assistance.

The generous nature of the British commander was then conspicuous. When he had effectually silenced the formidable batteries of his enemies, and the cries of defenceless men assailed his ears, he did not forget mercy. Though the danger was imminent, from the blowing up of these strange towers, yet he gallantly seconded the brave proposal of brigadier Curtis to save the sufferers, and permitted volunteers to depart with him in this dangerous enterprise.

He went with twelve gun-boats to the rescue, and with him was the brave fellow, who, though

foremost to hurl destruction upon an active enemy, was the first to save him when helpless. These boats were instrumental in saving nine officers, two priests, and three hundred and thirty-four Spaniards, besides a French officer and eleven men. Every attention was paid to their distress. Kindness and compassion were as warm towards the conquered, as had been the fire of artillery against the warriors. All those terrible engines of destruction which D'Arcon had declared to be impregnable, were destroyed, and the grand hopes of France and Spain, that Gibraltar would be taken, were annihilated. The Rock and its fortresses remained uninjured, and the small number of killed and wounded therein, attested most powerfully the strength of the fortifications, and the well-guarded positions which the soldiers occupied.

Thus ended the famous siege of Gibraltar; and, after Lord Howe had beaten his country's foes, and thrown in supplies to the almost famishing defenders of the Rock, the Spaniards found themselves as far from the possession of it as they were on the very first day of their attack. Though they continued

for some time longer to molest the garrison, it was evident that neither numbers from the land, nor forces from the sea, could prevail. Whatever may be said of the disparity of the numbers killed and wounded in the last grand attack, wherein only sixteen of the English were killed and sixty-eight wounded, whilst the loss of killed, wounded, and prisoners on the other side amounted to two thousand men, yet consideration should likewise be had for the respective forces employed, and then it will be seen, that the defence was as brave, as the attack was bold.

The enemy had three thousand pieces of ordnance in play, whilst the British employed only eighty canon, seven mortars, and nine howitzers, the whole of which must have been most ably directed.

In February, 1783, this long blockade terminated. Joy was spread over every countenance ; Peace was declared ; a general thanksgiving ensued, and Spaniards and Englishmen were again friends. The brave General Eliot, at that time the admiration of Europe, returned with honour to his country, to

be made Knight of the Bath, and to be created Lord Heathfield, Baron Gibraltar. He left the Rock, beloved by every man in the place—nor did he forget his brave companions in arms, from the nearest in rank to himself, to the humble but brave private, George Wellington. He left him to serve his country in that spot for many years ; but he left him, not without the fulfilment of his promise to promote his suit with the daughter of Corporal Blake. He did so substantially ; George Wellington and Frances Blake were united in the bonds of matrimony ; and, while they became, not the parents of a line of heroes, though bearing such an heroic name, yet became the parents of the heroine of our narrative, who proved herself a soldier's virtuous daughter, an excellent soldier's wife, and, alas, an unfortunate soldier's widow.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SOLDIER'S COMFORT.

GIBRALTAR is not the most fertile spot in the world, nor the happiest to live in, if a man loves woodland, pasture, and cornfield scenery ; but, if he be happy in himself, of good spirit, and an active turn of mind, this barren rock may not be unproductive of comfort, if a sense of duty form the ground-work of his conduct. Situated as it is, at the mouth of the Mediterranean, it is impossible that it should not present continual life and bustle, in the arrival of ships from all the nations of the world which have any intercourse by sea with other nations.

Flags of all countries, bearing the respective colours and devices of the people to which they belong, may be seen flying in various directions: borne by vessels, either coming into port for supplies, or passing through the straits to and from the eastern coasts.

But Gibraltar in itself, independently of its political importance, or its utility as a depot for stores, naval and military, is a wonderful spot: wonderful in its construction, external and internal; and is not only celebrated for its artificial works, but for its natural productions and appearances, which would well repay the curiosity of a stranger, or the enlightened research of an ingenious philosopher. Let a man but look at its face, as it appears from either sea or land, and he cannot fail to be struck with its gigantic proportions. The works of man are indeed insignificant compared with those of the Almighty; and, though man may turn those of nature to his own artful purposes, yet how feeble are all his efforts when compared with the works

which He, who holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand, both can and does produce !

Like a giant rising from the sea, so stands the rock of Gibraltar. Man has turned the mass to his own account ; but look at it in time of peace : examine its caves—its profound, unfathomable and dark abysses, and it will awaken sensations of awe, which not the most formidable human engineer can fail to acknowledge.

But the mind of the reader shall not be diverted from the narrative by too long a description of the place, though, in course of time, it became the birth-place of our heroine—Mary Anne Wellington, who first saw the light of day on the 18th of April, 1780.

A soldier's wife, even on that almost isolated spot, experienced the happiness common to a mother in bringing her first-begotten into life ; and, though she had but few luxuries, and her child was born to no rich inheritance in this world, yet she had all the delicate feelings of nature for her offspring, and was as proud of

her babe, and as fond of it, as if it had been born to affluence, or had hopes of the possession of the whole Rock.

It was an eventful year for Europe, that of 1789. Symptoms began to portend an awful crash among the nations of the earth. The low murmurings of a volcanic eruption among the lofty but fiery materials of the disaffected people of the most populous quarter of the globe, began to be heard. Those who knew the restless spirit abroad, pervading society from the peasant's cot to the ruler's palace, foretold a coming storm, which, however easy to discover, they perceived could not be averted. Men of principle, sound judgment, and wisdom, beheld the indications of wrath from above, about to be poured upon the earth.

The French Revolution commenced in this memorable year. The fiery ingredients thrown among an irritable body of democrats, led to the violation of all the rights of nature and of religion. France became the cage for every foul bird. The spirit of loyalty, order, reverence for antiquity, and respect for aged

men, was sunk in the vortex of passion. The Commons usurped the whole power of the State, disregarded the orders of the King, and bore down all the weight and authority of the higher orders. The Bastille was stormed and demolished, though the comparatively mild disposition of Louis had left in it but seven prisoners, the majority of whom were confined for forgery. The King himself was compelled to obey the democrats, who, having neither gentleness, generosity, nor wisdom, sacrificed all their present prospects of happiness to the false, visionary demon of popular discord, under the semblance of an angel of light and liberty.

In England, 1789 was a memorable year, both as regarded her relations with India, and her own internal regulations. This was the celebrated year in which the horrors of slavery first began to be mitigated, and true Philanthropists awoke the nation to a sense of humanity, which it had long lost sight of in the cruel traffic of human beings. A Clarkson stirred up the country: a Wilberforce addressed the Commons; and, whilst the latter represented the

immorality, iniquity, and heinousness of the trade, a Pitt, a Burke, a Fox, listened with profound attention, and bore testimony to the holy flame which inspired this most virtuous philanthropist.

The Government, at that period, had much to do, in watching the spirit of the French Revolution, and in guarding the country from the pernicious influence of demagogues, who began to form Clubs and Meetings to strengthen the libertine views of the Jacobins, and, to disturb, if they could, the peace of their own country. Happily, wisdom, and counsel, and strength, were given from above, to meet the exigencies of the times, and to prove to the world the truth of that sacred prophecy, that "the people which do know their God, shall become strong and do exploits." Peace could not long continue, where aggression, insult, treachery, and infidelity, dared to question the laws of God, —the regulations of governments,—the ties of nature—and the responsibility of man to his Maker. England would gladly have kept peace

if she could ; but, when she found that to do so she must succumb to a lawless power, she hesitated not to interfere, and to defend herself and her allies from the prevailing fury of the anarchists.

War, dreadful war, ensued ; such a period of destruction came upon the earth, as had scarcely ever before been heard of. Could the agonies attendant upon that devastation be adequately described, surely men would shudder at the unsheathed blade, and learn wisdom !

This narrative of the soldier's daughter, wife, and widow, should it but tend to still the angry passions of the human breast and instil a just principle of love, grace, and humanity—though the subject be but a lowly one, will add one little drop to the Ocean of Peace, which God grant may cover the world !

With the abstract question of the lawfulness of war, these pages have nothing to do. The practical question of its horrors will afford, even to the strongest mind, some cause for veneration for the God of Peace ; and though by some, it may be deemed

cowardice to attempt to soften the mind of man, yet if those men examine their own hearts, they will find that cowardice exists more frequently among those of violent passions, than among those who subdue themselves by the law of love to God and man. Avarice enfeebles a nation, and makes it cowardly. It destroys mutual confidence between man and man ; and substitutes money, for every virtue which ought to adorn a Christian nation. England was generous, and not avaricious in that war ; she was willing to spend and to be spent for the peace of others ; and God blessed her efforts, defended her shores, saved her people, and even in the midst of those days of carnage, preserved the lovers of peace, to enjoy the fruits of their fervent prayers.

Would that this happy country only knew how God has favoured her ! Alas ! there is at this moment such a spirit of avaricious speculation, that Mammon seems to be fast driving the nation to ruin itself. It is not enough to be rich ; men must possess superfluously, enormously ; there must

be no bounds to their desires, and the whole country must take shares in the roads to ruin, and hasten on the destruction of contentment ! Oh, England ! be wise, valiant, contented, and happy ! Seek peace and ensure it, and look to the quiet, productive good of the land, and boast not of your wealth !

The soldier may love his country as well as the citizen, and may be as good a Christian and as great a lover of peace, as one who has spent all the days of his life in a little country village, where a red coat is stared at with all the gaping astonishment of rustic simplicity. He may also be as good a husband, father, and friend, as the humblest quaker in the land.

Forgiveness of injuries, which is the great characteristic of the Gospel of God, is, indeed, more natural to the soldier, than even to the man of peace ; and many are the instances on record, of unnatural and unforgiving tempers among men of more peaceable professions, which the soldier would be the first to condemn.

“ Well, Frances,” said Wellington to his wife, after his solitary march along the western bastion of the lower fort, “ I hear we are not likely to keep peace long. The Spaniards have seized four of our ships in Nootka Sound, and our Governor has received orders to seize and detain all Spanish vessels coming into harbour.”

“ God preserve us, George, from such another siege as we lately had ! I feel my little charge here to be in more danger than myself ; and, if we all have to live upon the short commons we had then I fear our little Mary Anne will, with her mother, soon find a grave upon the Rock.”

“ I hope we shall never see the like to that again ; but you must remember that your brave father deprived himself of many a ration, that his daughter might not starve ; ay, and gave gladly a great price for any extra food he could obtain. The Jew victuallers made a pretty catch of us all at that time.”

“ I remember, I remember the privations ; and I can well recollect the generosity of many a brave

fellow who, like yourself, my good husband, could not bear to see a soldier's daughter starve ; their united self-denials made a poor, tall, thin girl, like myself, grow up to womanhood, with conscious affection for a soldier, and in particular for him who was foremost to set this noble example."

"I did not wish, my dear, that you should reflect upon my generosity ; I confess it had a deeply self-interested motive in it, which I hope will still never desert me ; and I only mentioned the fact by way of assurance that, come what may, you will find hands and hearts to serve and shelter a defenceless female, though the guns of Spain be pointed at us, and the dons, and dastards, may ridicule our integrity."

"I never feared a Spaniard's conduct to a poor girl, provided she were virtuous, if helpless ; for his nature, though pompous, is gentle towards us ; but there are such fiery, cruel, and cowardly spirits from all countries under the sun, just now swarming into Gibraltar, that I know not what would become of us females, in case of another bombardment."

“ O never fear them ! never fear them ! we have sufficient stability to withstand their influence, and I hope sufficient power to curb their boldness. I know the secret villainy now practising even among the troops of the garrison, to shake our fidelity to our Sovereign, and to persuade us we are all slaves. As if we had to give no obedience to any authority, but to do just as we please, take what we would, and be responsible to no man.”

“ It was only this very day, while you were upon guard, that a well-dressed Frenchman came into the cottage, under pretence of inquiring his way to St. George’s Cave. He asked if I were a soldier’s wife ? whether my husband’s comrades often came to see him ? and if I would not like that you, my dear, should be as great a man as the Governor ? I thought him a strange character, gave him short answers ; and, whether he liked them or not, I cannot tell ; but the vain fellow exclaimed, that I was more reserved than the rest of my sex ; and, merely leaving this tract for you, quickly wrapped his cloak around him, and departed.”

“ This is one of the new comers from the French coast, called ‘ Liberty Men,’ and I see by the very heading of the pamphlet, that it is an extract from a book called the ‘ Rights of Man,’ and truly Frances, if all it says were right, we should be such a set of fools to remain in our present condition, as never walked upon the earth. But these fellows only go about to ensnare us. There is not one of them, who could give us employment in a different line of life from that in which we have been brought up ; and they only want us to be rebellious, that they may employ us to intimidate our superiors.”

“ Yet there are some of your comrades that seem a little bitten by these notions, and who talk much about their grievances, complain of being scorched upon the Rock, salted inside and out like a herring, and say they are never permitted to do any thing like rational beings ; they talk of becoming as good, and as great, and as free, as the King, and of having as much right to the Governor’s fruit as the Governor himself.”

“ Yes, Frances, and these fellows would soon make out that they had as much right to you as I

have. All things are to be in common with them. All men are to be equal. None are to obey, save those who do so of their own free-will. I know one or two of these vanity gentlemen, these hare-brained, loquacious fools, and I could almost have run my bayonet into one of the traitors, who had the insolence to tell me, that it was no part of a soldier's duty to obey his officer if he should be ordered to go into battle. This same fellow, the other day, would have persuaded two recruits to desert. I only wish he had gone himself; he is more fit to serve the French than the English; and I count him now a more bitter enemy than the most violent foreign foe."

"What should we do, if there were many such among us, in case of an attack?"

"What, my dear? Why surrender to be sure, to the rights of man, the liberty of conscience, the age of reason; and get our heads cut off for our wisdom. But let us cease to talk of such! Give me the child, and let me see if I can recognise a likeness."

"You must be gentle with it, George—there

take it, take it!"—and the babe of the soldier was placed in his rough arms as gently as if it had been the child of a prince. The veteran received it with a smile, and, as it cast its bright blue eyes around, the mother declared that the first thing she ever saw it notice, was the trigger-brush which then hung dangling from the artilleryman's belt.

Pleasure, real pleasure, was it to this brave fellow, to participate in his wife's happiness. He nursed his infant, if not with the same gentleness as the mother, yet with such love for both, as spoke him a man of an upright, honest nature, who deserved a good helpmate, because he knew how to value one.

Whatever might be said of the frivolity, immorality, or licentiousness of Gibraltar at that period—and it was certainly anything but famed for its purity—there were many very truly virtuous families then resident there, who preserved themselves from the contagion of irreligion, by devoting themselves to the good of their country; and who served God and the King faithfully, and meddled not with those who were given to change.

The family of General Smith took particular notice of Wellington and his wife at this period. The General was commanding officer of the Artillery, and had noted the orderly conduct of the private, and paid him that kind of confidential approbation which, though never beneath the dignity of a commander, tells the soldier that he has a friend who appreciates his regularity. Though a strict disciplinarian, he was not a tyrant; he could make allowances for his men when off duty, but never overlooked a breach of trust, or neglect of an express order. He was indulgent to those who, he was assured, would not impose upon him; and, to the brave fellow who did his duty steadily, and was a domestic man as well as a good soldier, he was more than commonly attentive.

Wellington had been upon guard some time, on one of those extremely sultry days which are occasionally experienced, though with a strong easterly wind. In fact, the very nature of the Rock itself prevents the breeze from the east being felt upon its western side, where all the fortifications

stand. The General was walking on the ramparts, and, as he passed the soldier who gave him the salute, he observed that the man looked ill.

“How long have you been ill, Wellington? You look more fit for the hospital than for the guard.”

“I have only felt ill, General, within the last hour, and I know not what it is, unless it be this hot wind, which, whenever that brown cloud settles upon the top of the Rock, is sure to afflict all who have to breathe upon these ramparts.”

“How much longer have you to be on duty?”

“About half-an-hour, General.”

“Then make the best use you can of it; get home to your cot, Wellington, and tell your wife to take care of you. I will mount guard for you, till you send me the orderly officer.”

The brave soldier knew that his commander said no more than he meant to perform; and, with a grateful heart and respectful salute, he left his post in possession of his superior, and did as he was commanded. He was afflicted with fever, which confined him to his bed for some weeks, and

reduced his athletic frame almost to the form of a skeleton.

When the easterly winds prevail at Gibraltar, and “Old Gib puts his cap on his head”—that is, when a cloud is seen to settle on the summit, and the atmosphere is clear and dry all around elsewhere—then the sirocco or hot wind of the desert is felt as formidably as in the regions of the far East; and the soldier on duty feels the languor and fiery irritation of the skin, which it produces. Wellington had felt this, and, like a hero, bore it with as much determined coolness as the hot wind would allow but the fever within worked the more stealthily through his veins, and told the eye of his General that the man was ill. Attentions such as these, paid at such a time, though by the officer considered as part of his duty, are felt very deeply by the private soldier. He is as grateful, or more so, than a poor man who has his pecuniary wants supplied by the hand of benevolence; and he feels a confirmed attachment to his officer, and a respect for the service in which he is engaged, because he finds

himself regarded. General Smith not only relieved the man on guard, but sent the surgeon, and visited the patient himself.

If he had noted with pleasure the conduct of the soldier on duty for his country, he was still more gratified to observe the attention paid him by his wife in the hour of sickness. A good General feels for the comfort of his troops, as well in barracks as the field of battle; and General Smith was not unmindful of Wellington and his wife. It was at this period that his kindness to our little heroine was conspicuous, for he insisted upon the child being taken out of the way of the fever, and found it an asylum, until the surgeon pronounced the father out of danger.

That these kindnesses were not forgotten, the record of them at this distant day will prove; they are transmitted from parent to child; for, though the little Mary Anne could not have been capable of feeling, at that early day, anything but sorrow at being taken away from her parents, yet does she remember the kindness

of the General, and retains the memory of his attentions, as related to her by her parents, though offered before she could herself appreciate them.

The child grew, amidst the growing events of those years, and was noted for the rapidity with which she shot up above her companions of the same age. Tall and thin, as a girl, she always appeared to be older than she really was; and the confidence with which she was treated by her parents, and trusted by them, established for her a character above her childish years. In that lone garrison, to a soldier who, like Wellington, was likely to be a fixture for years, the interest of a family was an agreeable break in the monotony of guard duty. He lived in a small cottage detached from the barracks, and above the town; and thither his comrades would come occasionally, to spend an hour or two with him and his wife; and many a one envied him his apparent happiness.

Though Wellington was a man of strict regularity, he was not of a morose disposition, nor of that

reserved habit which makes men think others selfish. He was, however, prudent, and not too intimate with those who most cherished his acquaintance. As a good private soldier, he was much respected. He did his duty in his public service, strictly ; and, in his domestic concerns, he had a tidy, lively, honest, and virtuous partner. He was blessed with two children, a daughter and a son. The son died quite a young man ; but the daughter still lives (A.D. 1845). That daughter was respected by his comrades. She was born, as it were, amongst them ; and, though there were but too many of indifferent character in the garrison, our young heroine, through the tender care of a generous father and a virtuous mother, always preserved her respectability, and, as the sequel will shew, became an instrument of some good in her generation.

## CHAPTER III.

## YOUTHFUL YEARS.

OUR little heroine grew, not unnoticed, amidst the barren scenes around. The town began again to flourish, though the devastating rage of the great siege had rendered it a mass of ruin ! How soon do active men repair the ravages of war ! Men are generally so energetic where they are well-directed, that order—yes, better order, frequently springs out of confusion, and establishes a better state of things than before existed ; as a town when destroyed by calamity, is frequently better built by after industry and ingenuity, so the present town of Gibraltar arose from the ashes of its destruction.

The soldier's daughter was by no means an inactive person on this rock. It is said that our birth-place can never be forgotten ; that, with a kind of natural instinct, we cling to the spot where we first drew the breath of life ; that we never forget the scenes of our infant steps, and connect with them thoughts of innocence and affection, never totally obliterated. If this hold good of wide regions, of inhabited districts—if the sons of the Desert forget not their wild plains, and secret glens—if the peasantry of the Cantons of Switzerland cannot close the eyes of their minds to their own delightful mountains and valleys, and even the Russians love their own wide fields—what must be said of the inhabitants of more confined spots, who are compelled to concentrate their observation within narrower spheres ? Why, only that their affections are the stronger ; their natural love of country, climate, and birth-place, the more closely connected with themselves. An Englishman never forgets his native isle, though he may burn under an Indian sun, traverse an African desert, or

dwell on the wild prairies of the western continent. The smaller the spot to which our youthful rambles have been confined, the greater is our love for that spot, the more vividly is the recollection of the very stones impressed upon our minds ; and, though we may in after years extend the line of our observations, yet we are sure to retrace our path one time or other, and sigh after our birth-place.

So free and active was the young mind of our heroine, and so well answered by the elasticity of her frame, that all parts of the Rock, save its inaccessible heights, were familiar to her. The cottage of her father stood upon a small rising ground just above the southern barracks, and was one of those spots to which General Eliot had permitted the inhabitants of the town, who chose to remain during the siege, to retire. It was built partly of that species of concrete common at Gibraltar, called " *tapia*," and partly of large stones, collected from the fragments produced by the blasting of the rocks. When the inhabitants returned to the town after the siege, Wellington, as

a married man, was permitted to occupy this dwelling. Thence he made frequent excursions with his little maid, teaching her to climb up with him to the different galleries of the fortification ; and to conquer obstacles which, to inhabitants of the plains, seem almost insurmountable.

Youth, accustomed to the exertions demanded by a mountain habitation, gains health, strength, caution, and a sure-footed firmness of step, frightful to those who know nothing of giddy heights, but familiar enough to those of daily experience in such things. From the sandy shore to the highest accessible height, our heroine could, at nine years old, make her way without a guide. She became, indeed, a guide to many, and, from the activity and intelligence of her parents, she had become acquainted with every cave in the rock. She could be trusted too with any charge not exceeding her years, from the barracks to the town, or from the town to the very summit of Mill Hill.

“ I have been asked, George,” said her mother to Wellington, “ to spare our little Mary Anne, to

take charge of Colonel Airey's children. What say you to her going?"

"Say, my dear? Why, that I am glad of it. I never wish even my loved daughter to spend all her days at home; and, though she may be very useful to you, yet it is time that she should begin to think of doing something for herself, before her parents are taken from her."

"But do you not think her too young, at present?"

"Not a bit. It must depend, however, upon the family she goes into. I will make inquiries, and if, as I believe to be the case, the Colonel Airey you mention is the one I heard of in barracks to-day, I have no objection. He is a very excellent officer, and his lady is well spoken of."

"I shall set to work then, George, to prepare her outfit."

"Make it clean, neat, warm, and useful, my dear. I hope our daughter will require nothing smart, but will be herself, as she now is, a smart, active, good girl."

"I hope you have never found her otherwise than tidy. She is a good girl, and was a capital nurse to her brother. I think, George, she will give satisfaction."

"If she does her best, I am sure she will; she is quick enough and trustworthy, and, what is better than all, honest, open, and attentive to reproof. Let her go, Frances, and you and I will go to the Colonel's lady with her."

It was soon arranged that the little, or rather, now, the tall girl, should take the charge of Colonel Airey's children; and, in due time, the maiden was established at the quarters of that officer. She parted with her kind parents, for her first place, as a soldier's daughter should do—with real affection for them, and a desire to please them, by doing her best in the situation they had found for her.

The Colonel had four children, two boys, and two girls. The lady soon discovered Mary Anne's aptitude for her office, and was pleased with her attention to the children. She was astonished to find how well-acquainted she was with every portion

of the Rock, and moreover, how accurately she traced out all the most beautiful spots for a ramble with her charge. In due time, she gained such confidence with her mistress, that she was entrusted with the care of the children at any distance from home. The utmost length of the place, however, is three miles, and its total circumference is not more than seven. Though but three miles, it is, however, a long and tedious walk from the town to the upper works of the Rock, and many are the dangerous places, whence an unsteady head, or foot, may precipitate the owner into instant destruction. The heart quivers when those accustomed to these heights, are seen standing, with ease and unconcern, on the verge of a ledge of rock, as coolly as children of the plain upon the sands. The chamois propensities of this Maid of the Rock caused her, from her earliest infancy, to possess a nerve, which was afterwards tried in situations such as few unaccustomed to hardship could have endured.

“Take care!—take care!” the little ones would at first exclaim, even when they ascended only

some of those slightly precipitous spots on the ascent of the western face; but, when they saw the sure-footed, easy step of their conductress, and gradually learned to imitate her, they began to delight, as children often do, in frightening others by their own daring.

Who can read these pages, and reflect upon the positions in which children are sometimes seen, and not be persuaded of God's providential care over them? In boyhood, how wonderful are the dangers from which we have been delivered! Who, reaching manhood, can review, without trembling, his youthful exploits! One day, on the very summit of some tall poplar tree, defying alike the attempts of others to catch him, and the cries and entreaties of those who have the care of him: on another, scaling some lofty wall,—running along the leads of the house,—reaching the roof, and there sitting astride upon the top of some lofty storehouse, or manufactory—a spectacle to passers-by; but pleased, indescribably pleased, at the exploit! It is some such spirit that induces boys

of older years to ascend Mont Blanc, perhaps for the pleasure of saying they have done so, or for the gratification of a scientific or enterprising spirit.

This spirit was certainly displayed by the children of Colonel Airey and their conductress, for they gained not unfrequently such summits as made less adventurous spirits tremble for them. But, under the guidance of the soldier's daughter the children never took any hurt.

“Mary Anne,” said one of the young ladies, one day, “do you see the monkeys assembled in a body upon yonder heights? I wonder whether we could catch one of them! Look, they are watching us. What an impudent fellow is that which stands there alone, as if he were a sentinel on duty!”

“And so he is, Miss,” replied the girl; “and, if you hold up your arms, he will hold up his; if you wave your hand, he will imitate you; if you jump, so will he; and, if you chatter to him, so will he to you; only try, and you will be convinced.”

To the great delight of the juvenile party, they found the girl’s account correct; for the monkeys

appeared as much amused as the children with the evolutions of their sentinel: but an event suddenly occurred, which turned their fun into terror. The little mimic stood upon a fragment of an old Moorish wall, not far from the entrance to St. George's cave. As he was so particularly occupied in noticing the motions of the children beneath him, and the company of monkeys were watching, muttering, and perhaps, in their way, applauding his feats of dexterity, neither he nor they perceived an eagle swooping through the air above them: nor did the children observe the bird, until, with a swoop, he bent his deadly course, and struck his sharp talons into the poor sentinel, filling all who beheld the act, with terror. In a moment they uttered a piercing cry, children, monkeys, and all, as they saw the victim lifted from the earth, and carried along over their heads, struggling for his life. His little antics were turned into agonizing movements, and even Mary Anne could not help weeping with the children, when she saw their wild playmate so suddenly swept away.

“Oh, for a gun!” she exclaimed, “to bring that proud bird down.”

She had scarcely uttered the word, when a flash and a report followed, from some able marksman upon the rock, who had witnessed the scene, and watched his opportunity, while the bird, as he flew heavily with his prey, became an easier mark for his gun. Down came the monster from his height, turning over and over in his fall, and still retaining the poor monkey in his rapacious claws, till, with a concussion that shook him fearfully, he fell thump upon the ground, not four yards from the terrified children.

As he fell upon his back, the blow made him open his talons, and, to the surprize and delight of the juvenile spectators, the monkey was released, jumped up, looked around him, and, in the next instant, though his little back was streaming with blood, he sprang up the rock, escaped from death, and ran, chattering, bounding, climbing, and almost flying, up to the very spot where his companions had been but a minute before assembled.



*The Monkey's Escape.*

London, Henry Colburn, 1846.



"Go not near the bird, Master George," exclaimed the maid, "he is not dead, though he lies so very still. Pray don't go near him, he will dart at you if you do."

"Oh! he is quite dead, I am sure," exclaimed the little soldier. "Look, his limbs are stiff."

"Oh pray, dear Sir, do believe me. I have seen one shot by my father, and was very near having my eyes picked out, when I was only seven years old. Look at his yellow eye, Sir! It is fixed upon you; and, if you venture to stoop, he will pounce at you in a moment."

It was a happy warning for the child, for the next minute verified the remark.

A young officer, descending the rock, called aloud to the children to avoid the bird. A spaniel which he had with him ran up to seize the eagle, and, in an instant, was itself seized and had an eye picked out by the wounded savage.

The bird belonged to the larger species of osprey,

or fishing eagle ; and was not secured without danger, though he could no longer rise into his native air.

The officer was in Colonel Airey's regiment, and the children were well known to him. He dispatched the eagle with a stout stick, and permitted the young group to drag the monster to the barracks, to their great delight, and the no small amusement of many spectators. The story of the poor monkey and his escape was often related ; and, as may be supposed, the young lieutenant was never forgotten by the children.

It was not long after this event, that a party of ladies and gentlemen proposed to visit St. George's cave, and a young subaltern had agreed to descend as far as ropes could be found to let him down into the abyss. The children and their guide, as may be supposed, greatly desired to be of the party, and were not a little pleased when they learned that Colonel Airey and his lady had given their consent, and intimated that they should go with them.

“Have you ever been in the cave?” inquired one of the children, of the soldier’s daughter.

“O yes, Miss, into every one of the caves, and many times into St. George’s. Our cottage is not a very great way from the entrance to it, and the point upon which the poor monkey stood is close by it.”

“Tell us what it is like! I heard some visitors talking about it, and they said that it had no bottom, or that it was so deep that no one could reach it.”

“I do not know that, Miss; but, when you see it, you will be very much astonished. I cannot tell you what it is like; but you were reading in the Bible the other day about that place of darkness, that bottomless pit, where wicked men go when they die; and I should think that must be something like one of these deep caves.”

“Dear me, how I shall tremble to look into it!” exclaimed the elder child. “But, is there fire at the bottom of it? because that wicked place is spoken of as containing a lake of fire. Is there any smoke or heat arising from it?”

“Oh, no! I should suppose water to be at the

bottom of it; for many of the smaller caves are filled at times with rain-water, and we get our supplies for the garrison from these places. I have often thrown stones into some of them, and heard the splash upon the water below. In the cave we are going to visit, however, I could never hear such a sound; but I suppose this is from my never having been able to reach the brink of its basin; it has a gradual descent for a very long way. I do not think it very terrible to look into, though I should not like to be left in it."

"Papa says there is a gentleman of the name of Fox, going to try to reach the bottom of it."

"I suspect he must be a very cunning Fox if he reach it; for I have heard that it actually goes under the bed of the sea, and that the monkeys have a regular passage from Apes' Hill, on the Barbary coast, by which they come from that country to this. My father told me that, in Spain, there were no such monkeys as these; for that there they all have tails, while the Barbary ape has none."

"How curious if it should be so. Perhaps the passage by which these little fellows come and go is so narrow, that a man could not creep along it. I wonder whether I could!"

"Would you like to try, Master George?"

"Not if it be such a place as you have mentioned."

"Then you must be a good boy, Sir, and you need not be afraid of any place, since God is everywhere, and He will take care of you."

Children as naturally cling to those who teach them the truths of God, as men are apt to fly from them; and they love those who rebuke them, much more durably than those who spoil them by over-indulgence. Though the tall maid of the rock, Mary Anne Wellington, was but herself a girl, and the daughter of a private, yet even a Colonel's daughter could cling to her with affection, when she spoke so justly and properly of good conduct.

The cave in question is certainly one of the greatest natural curiosities of Gibraltar. The intelligent

party who visited it, especially those of them who saw it for the first time, experienced as much delight as the children. Seven ladies, including the two young daughters of Colonel Airey, and five gentlemen, not including the boys, ascended the rock for the purpose of inspecting it. A company of soldiers had been dispatched to the mouth of the cave, with torches, and ropes, and baskets, and were ordered to await the arrival of the exploring party. Two guides, well acquainted with its recesses, accompanied them. The juvenile party kept close to their maid and guardian.

The cave is situated about half way up the rock. Our party reached its entrance in safety. The opening by which they entered is not above five feet wide, so that only two and two could follow each other into it. They gradually descended; the earth sloping downward, and the cavern growing wider as they advanced. The men with torches had already entered, and dispersed themselves as far as they could, that the effect might be more instantaneously apparent.

Grand indeed ! awfully grand was the naturally vaulted roof above them. The party were suddenly amazed, not by the darkness, but by the number of fantastic figures which seemed to stand around them. The cave, in all its vast proportions and grandeur, seemed illuminated, and looked more like some splendid cathedral than a natural formation. Stalactites of all sizes, descending from the roof, formed as it were, columns of marble to support it. At the farther end, some of these pillars were not complete. A group of them, about ten feet high, appeared like so many priests in their white vestments, about to proceed with their religious ceremonies ; and, so deceptive was this delusion, that not only the children, but several of their elders would scarcely be persuaded that the columns they saw in the distance were not living figures. As they approached them, the illusion ceased, though their astonishment was increased.

“ You see,” said Colonel Airey, “ how these beautiful pillars are formed. Look here, my children. Stand still, and you will see a drop of

water fall from the roof, and harden upon this base."

The children were soon gratified by the descent of a sparkling drop, which fell broadly on the base of the pillar, as yet only about two feet high. The water gradually dispersed itself over the smooth surface, and did not run off, but was seen to rest smoothly on the top of the column ; and, in the space of a few minutes, became at least so far petrified as not to permit the succeeding drop to commingle with it.

"In this manner, my children," continued the Colonel, "all these columns have been formed."

"Papa," said George, "what a time must these numerous pillars have been forming, before they could reach to the height of the cave."

"True, my boy ; but Nature, though a slow worker, has more time at her command than we have : and though, with the great Author of nature, a thousand years be but as one day, yet with us, my boy, they include many generations."

The whole party felt the truth of the Colonel's

observation. They admired, and wondered, but could find no words to give utterance to the conceptions of awe with which the sight inspired them.

They felt they could but admire ; speak, they could not. What a proof was this of the astounding magnificence of even the hidden works of Almighty wisdom ! Oh ! that all nature might but inspire men to look with admiration on the works of God ! Then would they perceive things of wonderful structure ; and, the smaller the object of inspection, and the more minute the investigation, the more remarkable, the more marvellous, would appear the infinitude, exact order, and wisdom of that Power, which made the world and all things therein !

Such reflections crept into the minds of the party that visited the cave. And, should these lines reach any of the living members of that party, let them call them to mind, and they will acknowledge, that the soldier's daughter, who went with them to the cave, retained the remembrance of the lesson taught upon that day.

But now came the grand event of the excursion.

The party had reached the southern extremity of the cave, and arrived at that brink of the cup, which the maiden had never seen. The young officer came forward, looking by torch-light somewhat pale. He was not, however, of a disposition to shrink from danger, and certainly every precaution had been taken to insure his safety. A large basket was secured to the end of a strong cable, and rested upon the edge of that dark abyss, into which the youth was now willingly about to descend. Eight soldiers, with two engineers, Wellington being one of them, were appointed to let him down.

To prevent the possible catastrophe of his falling from the basket, either from fainting through terror or unexpected danger, the rope was attached to his body, and fastened under his arms by a counter-rope, which passed through an eye in the cable. This being adjusted, and all tight in hand, Mr. Fox was gradually lowered, with a torch in his hand, into that abyss of impenetrable darkness, which loomed beneath him. All hearts shook a little for him. The strong rails which had been placed as a

barrier at the mouth of the mighty pit, formed a prop of gradual ease in the descent. It is one thousand one hundred feet from this spot to the level of the sea; and, as yet, no one had ever reached the bottom of the cave. Nor was the young adventurer on this occasion destined to do so. He was to have let off his pistol as a signal to be drawn up. They heard his voice for a time, as he gave utterance to the words, "Grand! grand! magnificent! sublime! horrible! tremendous! awful! dreadful!" and all the ejaculations of an astonished mind. Still, no pistol was fired. His light diminished to the appearance of a star; and, all on a sudden, it vanished.

"Hold!" cried the Colonel. "List! list!"—No sound could be heard—nothing could be seen! "Up with him, boys! up with him!" he cried; and up they drew him. The torch was gone—and so was Mr. Fox—the unwholesome air which had extinguished the torch, had nearly extinguished his life. The word had been given just in time to save him, though he was carried back to the barracks insensible; and thus terminated the visit to the cave!

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE FIRST FRIENDSHIP.

THE horrors of the French Revolution, as far as regarded the internal disruptions of civil discord, and the agonizing terrors of families, had begun to pass away. Pangs such as Europe never before felt, had been endured under the Reign of Terror, which the demagogues had established in the seat of royalty, even in the palace of the Tuilleries. Here, under the assumed name of 'liberty,' originated all the schemes of private murder, incarceration, crime, and blasphemy, which stained the fields of guilty France. Robespierre, that gloomiest of all the villain tyrants of the earth, had filled

more prisons in one year, than had for centuries confined the victims of evil, or of ambition. In his sight, innocence was no palliation.

France endured, under these self-exalted hyenas, such a libertine slavery in her pretended freedom, that her groans were heard in every country. From the face of Robespierre, all orderly families, that could escape, fled to the neighbouring countries for protection, and filled all Europe with lamentations. The coward tyrant, insignificant in person, as in personal courage, and capable only of directing the desperate passions of others, met a coward's fate, with such a piteous cry as well convinced the world that he had never felt for any but himself. The Reign of Terror was, for a time, suspended ! France began to be infatuated with military glory, and the horrors of prisons, assassins, guillotines, and conspiracies, began to give way to the exciting projects of ambition, and a desire to aggrandize the republic at the expense of every crowned head in Europe.

Napoleon had risen out of the sanguinary feuds

of his country, and displayed the talents of a warrior with such tact and ingenuity, as to command the wonder of the nation. God raised him up, not to be a peaceful blessing to that distracted nation ; but, to be a punishment to it and others, for the ultimate good of his own people. Napoleon's happiness, promised only to himself, seemed centered in insatiable ambition. The servant of the republic, he had made up his mind to use its authority only for the introduction of his own : and, finding his fame increasing in the army, he soon became a despot, of a different stamp from Robespierre, but not less terrible, because of infinitely more devouring rapacity. The wise in England scanned the features of the man ; and, whilst many looked upon him as the regenerator of France, they beheld him as having no legitimate authority to serve, but only a proud ambition to rule, and saw a genius that would humble millions before it could be humbled itself.

French families swarmed throughout Europe, and numbers became naturalized subjects of the coun-

tries they had sought as refugees. Even the present King of the French, Louis Philippe, was one of them, and one of the wisest and most independent of his race. He supported himself by his own mathematical ability, and was respected wherever he was known.

At this time, Gibraltar had received numerous interesting French families, who watched with eager and anxious thoughtfulness the course of events there, and hoped that things would soon become so settled as to allow of their return. Fallacious hopes! the momentary calm gave but increased fury to the storm. Well-known traitors found their way even to this isolated rock, and tried to seduce the soldiers and inhabitants to the wild fortunes of speculating France. The sailors who frequented the port, were infected with the spirit that was abroad. The English were driven out of Corsica. Spain became so overawed by the French Directory, as to be compelled to declare war against England.—The spirit of discontent had been spread, artfully and

industriously, among the most loyal of England's defenders; mutiny in the fleet at the Nore was heard of at Gibraltar; and, among the raw troops then raising in all parts of England, and preparing for the great war, there were scattered many seditious pamphlets, calculated to unsettle the minds of the men, and to produce discontent.

At this period, our heroine had the misfortune to lose her situation, by the departure of Colonel Airey for Malta. The children were greatly grieved to part with their faithful Mary Anne. But it was not thought right to take her away from her parents, as it was uncertain what course might be ordered for the future; and, as there appeared but little prospect of peace, it was thought best for the little servant, and tall soldier's daughter, to remain with her parents at Gibraltar.

It was a tender parting, even with this humble companion of their childish years; and, if any of those children should catch sight of this record of their first servant's life, they will not refuse their tribute of recollection for the poor but grateful

maid, Mary Anne Wellington. One of those dear children, Master George, felt the change of care, as did all the family ; for, not long after their departure, news reached the soldier's daughter that a careless successor of hers had set fire to his bed-curtains, and that poor little George, her favourite, had been burned to death. This was one of the first griefs which our young heroine experienced ; and to this day, the memory of it has not left her.

About this time the Calcutta, of forty-four guns, arrived at Gibraltar, bringing officers and men of the 48th regiment. So quickly had this regiment received its recruits, and so soon were they ordered abroad, that there had been no time to equip them in proper uniform. General O'Hara, then governor of Gibraltar, had posted himself on the rising ground, leading to the camp, to inspect the troops on their arrival ; and never, certainly, did a more motley group of irregulars, in costume, present themselves to notice. The ship had been in a very crowded state ; and, on account of unfavourable winds, had been obliged to put back to Falmouth. No time had been allowed for the proper clothing of the

men, who had arrived at Poole in different draughts ; so that, instead of being equipped uniformly, they had as many different facings as the rainbow.

It was matter of merriment to some, to see these poor fellows disembark ; and, looking upon them at that moment, no one would have supposed they would so soon prove themselves such good men as they afterwards did, they being found among the bravest and best-regulated troops in the Peninsula.

Wellington and his daughter were among the spectators, and could not help smiling at the substitutes which some among the troops had adopted for regimentals. One young man, particularly, attracted the attention of the former, appearing in the comical attire of a drum-case.

“ Whatever may you be ?” said Wellington to him, as he moved along towards the camp.

“ I am a soldier, as good as yourself,” was the smart reply. “ You must not judge by our present exterior ; I have lost, on board, everything except this drum-case, which will afford me covering, until some one finds me a better.”

General O’Hara observed the man, and also

Wellington speaking to him, and judging that the poor fellow had lost his kit, he said to the artilleryman :

“ Can’t you provide him something better ? ”

“ If your honour will permit him to go to my quarters, I think I can.”

“ Let him go then,” replied the General.

“ Mary Anne, take this young soldier to your mother. Don’t be offended with me, young man, if I tell you not to spend any of your money without my advice. You young fellows get fleeced of all you have, by the sharpers in the town. If you will trust to me, as an old soldier, I will provide for you. Go with my child to my quarters.”

“ Thank you, comrade, though I yet know not your name. I have money under my drum-case, and perhaps some brains in my skull : but, if I had neither, I should have an honest heart to say, “ thank ye,” and I gladly yield myself to your child’s guidance.”

“ I will but go into the town, and see what I can best do for you,” was the concluding observation of Wellington.

It was curious to see the maid of the Rock escorting the strange object in a green baize bag, past the barracks, in sight of all the General's staff. She felt no shame in fulfilling her father's orders; but felt ashamed of some of the soldiers whom she knew, when she heard them passing their jokes upon what they termed the sharp-shooter.

"Let them joke," said the young man. "There is a time both for them and for me, and perhaps, the tables may be turned soon against themselves."

"I do not mind their laughter, if you do not," she replied. "It was only on your account I felt ashamed of them, not of you."

The young man felt, for the first time in his life, as if he had found a little sister he could love, and pleased he was with her escort; and, if her good conduct in obeying with alacrity her parent's commands had afforded him pleasure, her sensible words of honest rectitude inspired him with the utmost respect for her. He congratulated himself on the escape which he had had from imposition, then so

commonly practised upon recruits, and felt that his mother, whom he had left in England, would indeed have thanked God, could she have witnessed her son's good fortune, in finding such friends at his first landing-place on the continent.

They arrived at Wellington's cottage, to the no small astonishment of the soldier's wife: but, after a short explanation, one of her husband's artillery great coats, which he was accustomed to wear upon guard at night, was substituted for the drum-case, and the young man looked already what he was—a good soldier.

"May I now," said the stranger, "ask the name of my first benefactor and benefactress?"

"We are but poor people. My husband is only a private in the artillery, and this is our daughter; this boy is our son. Our name is Wellington."

"Well do ye do honour to your name; for, if there was one man in the 48th more miserable-looking than another, it was myself; and, I verily believe it was my abject condition that made your husband notice me."

“Likely enough it was, for my husband was once himself without a coat to his back ; and, when but a poor Irish boy, enlisted for a soldier, though his grandmother would have kept him in her own cabin all the days of her life. He was sent home with his mother from foreign service, and she, poor woman, died at her mother’s cabin, and so the grandmother brought him up. But the wild Irish boy was a soldier before his father returned from the East.”

“He has not lost his Irish warmth of heart, however.”

“No, that he has not ; but where is he, my child ?”

“He said, he should go into the town, about some things for this young man. The General gave him orders, I suppose, for I heard him speak to father upon the Mole.”

“Then it was General O’Hara’s order, God bless him, that brought you here, young man ! But you have not yet told us your name ?”

“It was by the General’s permission, given at

the request of your good man that I came here. My name is Thomas Hewitt, my native place is Hingham, in Norfolk, at which spot, I assure you, I have wished myself again and again since I left it. I have known very little peace since I enlisted. I may honestly say that your kindness has been the first thing that has made me thankful, or even hopeful, since I became a soldier. God bless you both!"

"You must not despond, young man. If you had spent as many years in active service as you have months in moving from place to place, you would be reconciled to a soldier's duties. But you must need some refreshment. Mary Anne, put the little table near the window—set a can of our goat's milk, and bread, before him, and that will do until your father's return."

The little maid did as she had been bidden. Pity is a sweet office for a child to perform ; and one which, when encouraged by a parent to exercise, causes its countenance to beam with such animation that it must be interesting to any man to see it.

Hewitt received these unexpected attentions with astonishment. It appeared to him as if they were immediately ordered by divine Providence, on purpose to soothe the irritation of his troubled spirit. So completely was his disposition subdued by them, that he appeared more like an obedient child than a wild recruit. He could only say to himself, "I hope this is not too warm to last." The friendships of the world are often very warm and promising, but it is wonderful how soon they chill. It is well known that boiling water, if carried into the air on a frosty night, will be frozen sooner and deeper than the same quantity of cold. So friendship, overwarm with professions, chills the quickest.

It was not so with the soldier in this instance. The few words of friendship were followed up by good deeds of kindness, and the young man really believed there were other good-hearted people beside his own mother. When Wellington returned from the town, he found the youth quite domesticated by his own fire-side. He told him that the General, seeing his complete dishabille, had

commissioned him to purchase some undress clothes for him, and had added, "If the poor fellow has nothing in his kit to pay for them, I will be answerable for him."

A good suit of half and half had been purchased at a Jew broker's, in Water Port Street, consisting of a pair of grey trowsers, a military jerkin, and a soldier's undress cap ; for Hewitt's trowsers and his worn-out jacket had become so saturated with salt water, and so bare of wool, that his knees were peeping through the thread-bare cracks ; and, had it not been for the drum-case, he would have been a most unsightly personage to disembark with the new Governor's Staff, from the deck of the Calcutta. Our troubles do not last for ever, any more than our joys, in this life. Variations are good for all mankind ; and, were we not blessed with change of place, calculated to remind us that we are never to remain long in the same position, we might think that we ourselves were unchangeable. Not that it is good for man to be often changing his abode, if he can be settled in any one locality ; for he will find, let

him be where he will, that there are sufficient variations in the most settled state on earth, to prove that nothing here below, is, or can be for ever.

Wellington had been a long resident on the Rock of Gibraltar. He was becoming one of its features ; the spot he inhabited, at the southern boundary of the barracks, went by the name of Wellington's Cot, and his daughter was called the Maid of the Rock. It was an agreeable change for a poor fellow who had been cooped up in such close quarters as the under deck of the Calcutta, to find himself, as it were, providentially and miraculously separated from the encampment, and in such snug quarters. It seemed like some fanciful elysium to his young mind. When he was shown his bedstead and mattress, which were both let down in the keeping room, he declared he had never felt so happy in his life as he then did in Wellington's Cot.

He dreamed of home ; saw his mother standing by his bed-side, and heard her telling him to be sure to do everything in his power to serve his benefactors.

In another part of his dream, the maid of the Rock was leading him by the hand, and telling him she was his guardian angel, and that, as long as he trusted to her guidance, he would never go wrong. She appeared to conduct him safe to England, and there, with his mother, sat talking over his first appearance at Gibraltar. He was still dreaming, when a thundering rap at the door dispelled all the illusion, and roused not only him, but his brave host, who came into the keeping room with alacrity.

“Lie still, young man! I am master of this house, and will answer any intruders.”

“Hallo! hallo!” cried a voice outside. “I hear you have got a deserter, one Thomas Hewitt, clarionet player in my band! I was told your girl had run away with him, and carried off the man in the regimental drum-case. Out with him, out with him, or I shall bring a sergeant and file to take him.”

“Who is the fellow, Hewitt?” said Wellington. “Do you know his voice?”

“Yes, I know him well ; he is drum-major of the regiment, and I dare say he thinks I’m going off if I can, and so is come to beat up my quarters, and, to save me a flogging, would have me go to camp quietly. His name is Dan Long, as merry an original as ever came to Gibraltar. You may safely let him in. He is come, I’ll venture to say, with good intent.”

Accordingly the door was unbolted, and in walked the said Dan Long, with a great fur cap on his head, and a sheepskin over his shoulders, looking more like Robinson Crusoe than the spruce drum-major of the gallant 48th.

“Is Thomas Hewitt here ?”

“He is. What do you want with him ?” replied Wellington.

“A word of command. Get up, you young scoundrel, and follow me immediately,” for the important major had just caught sight of the happily-smiling features of his pupil. “Up with you, you young tube of a bagpipe, or I will squeeze your bellows for you till you send forth a sound like the

squeaking of a pig under a gate. Up with you."

"I'm so tired, Dan, I can't stir. Besides, you cannot introduce me to better quarters."

"No; but I can save your quarters from the lash, and that will be better for you than an hour's laziness here. I heard of your absence last night when the muster-roll was called over. As no one said "here" for you, I did; but I resolved that you should say "here" for yourself this morning, and so up with you, young truant."

"I suspected as much! I told you, Wellington, that he was come with good intent; and, not knowing the General's orders with respect to me, he has run some risk to save me from disgrace. Thank ye, Dan. I'll be with you in a demi-semi-quaver."

"What's this I hear about the General's orders?"

"The General ordered Thomas Hewitt to be under my care. I am ready to go to your commanding officer, and certify the same to him. But as you really come with kindness under your command, let

me offer you a glass of rum to drive away the haze of the sea, and the young man will soon be ready to join the camp, and I will get the General's written order for that which I have just spoken."

"I don't care if I do accept your offer. It is some years since I was at Gibraltar, and I have been in every quarter of the globe since then, and cracked many a drum-head, as well as many a numskull."

"Now then, crack a glass of rum, and tell me how you think the old rock looks."

"Why, he appears to have grown grim enough since I left him. He shows more teeth, however, than he ever did; and, may-be, he is as much of a spit-fire as ever!"

"That he is, brave Dan! And now Hewitt is ready."

The young man was equipped in his half-dress, and Dan smiled to see his improved appearance.

"I must tell you, Mr. Wellington, that this young fellow is a very dangerous man to have under your roof. He will run away with the heart

of your wife and daughters, if you have any, and bewitch them with his sorceries. He is a most thorough necromancer."

"Dan, if I am so, you are my father, and I am glad to hear you speak so lovingly of your son."

"Well ! that's all fair," said Wellington ; " and since you are so loving to each other, I hope to be better acquainted with you both, in due time."

"I'll tell you his history one day, and if it do not make you laugh, then I shall doubt my own wit, not the ludicrousness of my story," said Hewitt.

"If you do, you young tell-tale, I'll be tit for tat, for as two crotchets make one minim, I've got one or two in my head, will make all your notes quavers—for I'll play you off in the same tune," answered Dan.

"Well, well. Off with you to your camp, and, after muster and parade, I shall be glad to see you both."

The young man left Wellington's cot, only requesting him to give his kind good-morrows to

his hostess and his daughter, and repaired with Dan Long, his drum-major, to the camp. He had double reason to rejoice, when he saw some of his comrades creeping out of their ill-constructed tents, some of them looking as if they had been sea-sick. They all stared at Hewitt's new attire, and declared he had made a good choice of his outfit.

In proper time, the sound of the trumpets announced the muster for the morning, and, through Dan Long's kindness, Thomas Hewitt answered for himself. The regiment mustered nine hundred strong. They were soon to have their regular equipment, and the men were to remain in camp, until the 90th, under orders for Sicily, should move out of barracks, and make room for them.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE RECRUIT'S HISTORY.

It was not long before the young soldier who had been so kindly noticed by Wellington, became upon more intimate terms of friendship with him ; and hence resulted benefit to both parties. The reader will find that it was not without just reason, that the artilleryman, so old a resident on the Rock, formed a very high opinion of the youth. Our little, or rather our young heroine, shared in the growing friendship, and, when young Hewitt undertook to be her teacher, she proved a very diligent scholar. When the 48th removed into the King's Bastion, in which

barrack they became fixed till they left the Rock, Hewitt always found it his greatest pleasure to visit Wellington's cot. He was of a very cheerful spirit and lively temper, not fond of drink, a habit then too common in that, as well as other parts of the world ; but very fond of improving his time, and his mind, to the best advantage. He read, he wrote, and even kept a diary of his own life, which, at this moment, lies upon the author's table, and forms the guide for the present memoirs.

“ I am sure,” said Wellington to him, one day as he was teaching his young daughter to read, “ that you have had more advantages than most men in your station. How came you to be a common soldier ? I perceive something in your very taste and habits so different from other men's, that I suspect you are of a stock something above the grade of a poor man.”

“ So I think, father,” added his daughter, “ for he is very different from any of his comrades. Mother says the same, and she has seen many regiments of soldiers, from different quarters of the

world.—I wish you could make him tell us his history.”

There must have been something elevated in this youth, to cause a veteran, and a plain honest soldier like Wellington, to speak so positively as he did. Both he and his wife were curious to know who he was. Their imaginations had raised him to a height in the scale of society, at which they could form no proper judgment. All men are apt to look up, except the most conceited and foolish, who gain a little superficial smattering of things, and imagine themselves wiser than their generation.

“ Hewitt, will you tell us your history? My wife is curious to know it, and our daughter, and even this boy, though but six years old, are interested in you.”

“ I am not fond of thinking about what I am, and far less about what I have been. Neither do I think my history would be worth your listening to. It is true I have received a better education than I deserved, and I wish I had made a better use of it. Your kindness, however, demands my confidence, and

I will tell you all I know about myself; but I fear you will only think me a great fool for my pains."

"I'm sure we shall not think you that," replied the young girl; "because you are anything but a fool; a fool is stupid—you are not; a fool is conceited—you are not; a fool is easily led away—you are not."

"Hold there, my lass! with that last word I cannot exactly agree, for how easily was I led away from my companions when you took me by the hand, and brought me up here in my drum-case! I fear you will find that I had been a fool before that time, in being led away by my own passions. But you must pardon me, if what I tell you should exhibit myself and others in no very favourable light. I will tell you all about myself."

The artilleryman sat down in his chair, his wife beside him. Mary Anne closed her book, and seated herself on a low stool opposite to her parents; whilst Hewitt, taking the seat against the window which she had left, received the boy upon his knee, and thus commenced,

## THE RECRUIT'S HISTORY.

“ You have heard me say, that I was born at Hingham in Norfolk. I believe that was my birth-place. My grandmother lived there, and I can well remember her kindness to me, as a very little boy. I was sent to a good school at Hingham, and my grandmother used to pay for it. She was a very good old woman, and used to make me read the bible to her, which I did completely through, making notes as I went along. My father, for I thought him such, at the time, seemed not to love me. I fancied so, when very young. My mother, as I thought, had to be very often careful how she paid me more attention than she did my brothers and sisters ; for it made my father very cross.”

“ What was your father ?” asked the girl, with an evident look of inquiry.

“ He was but a day-labourer, and might be a very honest, hard-working man ; but he took very

little notice of me. He would take my brother John, (for I supposed his children to be my brothers and sisters, for a long time,) into the fields with him, but would never permit me to go, though I had a holiday from school ; no, not even when his master used to hunt rabbits, and he wanted several boys to help him."

" How very unkind of him ! was it not, father ?" interrupted the child.

" It appears so now, my dear ; but listen to the tale, and do not interrupt the young man."

" Oh, I like to hear her speak ! I am speaking only to interest you and her, according to your wishes ; and, when she puts in a word, I am convinced that she is interested.

" My mother's kindness always appeared to me to be the greater, because my father was so rough to me. And he was not only rough in speech, but, for the very least offence, he would give me such a blow as sent me rolling on the bricks in a moment. I remember one day, when father had taken John out with him, and the other children were playing

in the garden, I went up to mother, as I called her, who was preparing to heat the oven, and had made me of some little use in breaking the sticks for her, and said : ' Why does father treat me so unkindly, mother ? I am sure I never do anything to deserve it ; but he appears to hate me. I feel quite afraid of him.' A tear burst from her eye, and she gave me a kiss, saying, ' Never mind, dear boy, he will love you better one day. You must endeavour to bear it : I love you very dearly, so you must let that make up for it. Father is jealous of your being made a scholar of, and does not like grandmother's interference for you.' She was very affectionate to me ; and often, when father cuffed me, she would cry, and that only made him more angry, and give utterance to bad words, which terrified me.

" I kept to my school, and I used to tell grandmother how unhappy I was, and to say to her, that I thought that if she would send my brothers to school, father would be more kind to me. It surprised me equally to find, that my good grandmother clothed me, and not any of the other

children. This used to bring upon me many taunts from my supposed father ; and once, in his rage, when I came home in a new suit of clothes, of which I was not a little proud, he said to my mother, 'Pray set a table for him by himself, and wait upon, the little gentleman.' Mother replied, ' You are too harsh, George, to the child ; he never offends you ! ' ' Yes, he does ; he offends my sight. Get out, you young blood ! ' said my father ; and he sent me howling into the yard, sorry that I had got such nice new clothes to make my father angry.

" I heard mother and him at high words, and I know that she must have said something to provoke him, for I never knew him strike her before. She came out bleeding at the nose, and I ran crying to her, and could not help saying, ' Dear mother, what a shame. I will tell grandmother of this ! ' ' Will you, young gentleman ? ' said he to me, ' will you ? Then you shall have something else to tell her of,' and, taking me up in his arms, he strode across the road with me, and threw me, with all my new clothes on, into the horse-pond."

" What an unnatural father ! " exclaimed Welling-

ton's wife and daughter. "What an unnatural father!"

"Well," resumed Hewitt, "I then learned the greatest christian lesson I ever learned—for, you may suppose, as soon as I got out of the water, I did not run into my father's house again ; I ran off to my grandmother's with all the speed that my wet clothes would allow, amidst the pity of all the neighbours, and even some sympathy from my brothers and sisters. I found my good grandmother with her great bible before her, and her spectacles on her face, which, the moment she saw me, fell to the ground ; while dripping as I was, she took me up stairs, pulled off my clothes, put me between her own warm blankets, and then said, 'Now tell me all about it!' I told her all ! No passion moved her ! all she said, was, 'God forgive him !' 'But,' said I, 'God will not forgive him.' Then replied she, 'do you pray, my dear child, that He may do so !' 'Well, grandmother, but how can I pray for his forgiveness, when I am determined never to forgive this ? Will you give me bread ? Will you let me

sleep here ? I will not go back to him any more ! No, I will never go back !' The dear old woman then gave me such a lesson on forgiveness of injuries, and was so kind to me herself, and so earnest in her words, that I wonder now, how I ever came to be a soldier !"

" Did you ever go back again ?" asked our heroine.

" Yes, I did ; for grandmother did not live many months after this occurrence, and I had no one then to go to but mother ; and father, for a time, was less severe to me. I was now a smart boy at the school, ay ! I was head boy, though but fourteen years old, and I could read, write, cypher, and keep accounts, as well as my master. But just at this time, an occurrence took place, which roused my blood to such a degree, that I could not live at home.

" Mother and I had been up to father's master's house, and we were returning by the high road, when a gentleman overtook us. He was riding a

fine bay horse. I remember that he had top-boots and doe-skins on, wore a blue jacket with bright buttons, and a buff-coloured waistcoat. He had a long pig-tail, well powdered; and was the smartest-looking gentleman I had ever seen. The moment he saw my mother, he alighted from his horse, and, with very quick words said, looking at me, 'Is this the boy? Is this the boy?' Mother dropped a curtsey, saying: 'Yes, it is, Sir! And a fine fellow he is too!' 'Here, my little man,' said he to me, 'here's a crown for you. Mind and be a good boy and love your mother.' 'I do, Sir,' said I. 'Well, are you man enough to hold my horse think you?' 'Oh yes,' I answered, proud enough of the office. I took the reins, and blessed the good gentleman, thinking he must be a good man, he spoke so kindly to my mother. 'Hold you the horse, my boy,' said he, 'I want to speak a word or two to your mother.'

"Accordingly, I stood by the gate, upon the high road, whilst mother and the gentleman walked

a little way forward, in earnest conversation. They then came back to me. The gentleman looked at me a long time; asked me what I should like to be, a soldier or a sailor, a plough-boy or a tailor? and patted me on the head, with evident good humour. At last he gave mother a purse, mounted his horse, and rode away. 'Dear mother,' said I, 'what a nice gentleman! who is he?' 'Hush, my dear boy,' she answered, 'I will tell you all about him one day. It was he who paid grandmother, whilst she lived, for all your schooling, and has now given me this, to provide you some situation.' 'Well, he is very good, he has been perhaps a kind friend to me? Does father know how good he has been to me?'

"I saw mother put her handkerchief up to her eyes, as, in agony she exclaimed: 'Thomas, my dear Thomas, Wright is not your father!'"

Here all the listeners started, but were so deeply interested that they spoke not a word.

“ ‘Not my father !’ I exclaimed. ‘ Are not you then my mother ? Why do you weep so, dear mother ?’

“ ‘No my child, I am not your mother ; but, God forgive him ! that gentleman, who just left you, is your father ; you are my sister’s child. Hush ! hush ! here comes Wright.’ And, true enough, there came the man, whom I had looked upon as a parent ! I do not suppose any language could give utterance to the feelings which then pervaded my bosom. I was old enough to see my aunt’s sorrows were very great, and that I was the cause of them : but who was my father ? I knew not his name ! I had never seen him before, and now I felt so confused, so strangely bewildered, that I scarcely knew what I did. Wright’s voice soon roused both mother and myself ; for he had somehow, from the hill, seen all that passed, and had left his horses at the plough, and got into the road to meet us.

“ ‘I saw the Squire, woman,’ said he, in an angry

tone, 'and I saw you too. Come, give me the purse he gave you ! Out with it ! I suppose it was all for this brat ! but had I come a little sooner, I would have told him he should never make me keep that boy in my house, to be brought up a gentleman over us. Out with the purse, I say, or this oak stick shall beat it out of you !' Mother was a very meek woman, and in a moment gave him the money. 'Now get home,' said he. 'This will do for the present ; and for this young gentleman,' giving me at the same time no very gentle kick, 'the sooner he's off to his father the better !' I loved my aunt, I walked along with her to the cottage. I felt ! oh ! I cannot tell what I felt."

Here the young soldier dashed away a tear from his eye, and it fell warmly on the cheek of the youthful listener on his knee.

Wellington and his partner were moved, and betrayed their emotion by their agitated manner. What felt the tender girl ? Pity, compassion, love.

Oh ! what agonies do the unguarded follies of

men produce! What after shame and misery are ever the consequences of unbridled passions, imprudent attachments, unholy connexions! Gladly would the writer have concealed this part of the narrative, but truth demands it of him. The cruelty of man, in such cases, is but too often known, and were it not that the attachment of mother to child is so deeply planted in the breast by God, as to be inseparable, how many an infant would be deserted! Solomon's judgment, however, was founded upon the thorough conviction, that no mother could bear to see her own infant immolated, if it could be saved. And who, that has seen anything of this wicked world, can withstand the impression, that, but for the mother, thousands of infants would be left to perish.

The young soldier continued to depict his sufferings.

“ We returned home. I dared not ask any more questions, my poor aunt was so afflicted. I know she went up stairs and prayed, for I heard her saying that she commended me to God's

care ; and even praying that, if it seemed good, I might be taken from her. My young mind then caught a noble flame, and I verily believe that I as devoutly prayed that so it might be. I shall never forget the sweet peace that then burst upon my young mind, as I prayed to God to take me away from my birth-place, and not to let me be any longer a cause of unhappiness to my aunt.

“ Wright did not return until late that night, and in a state of brutal intoxication. We were all in bed, save my wretched aunt, who, with a farthing rush-light burning in the iron candlestick, sat actually shaking, though it was the middle of October only, and had been as lovely a day as ever shone. Alas ! it was a miserable day for her, poor soul. Nor was it less so, because she kept condemning herself. Before I went to bed that night, she seemed to have a presentiment of what was about to happen ; for she said to me, ‘ Thomas, my boy, I do not think I shall see you much longer ; something tells me that we must be parted.’

“ ‘ Well, mother,’ answered I, ‘ and would it not be

better for both that we should be ? It ill consorts with the views of him whom I once thought my father, that I should any longer dwell with him ; and, to say the truth, mother, but for your sake, and the assistance I have been to my master in the school, I should have left you long ago ; but the thought of the half-crown a-week which I added to your Saturday night's store, made me loath to leave home. But mother, who, and what, is my father ? and where is my own mother ?”

“ ‘ I made a promise to him and her,’ replied she, ‘ that I would never tell his name. He has been very kind to my poor sister, boy ; and, though he betrayed her into a great crime, for which both she, you, and I now suffer, yet I would not betray him. Mrs. Hewitt, your mother, lives in Ber Street, Norwich ; you have often seen her here, and must have noticed her fondness for you. She, Thomas, is your mother, and I loved you before I had any children of my own. Your name is really Thomas — but it must be Hewitt.’

“ ‘ Mother, I will not torment you ; pray God

forgive both her and him. If I may not know his name, I will try to think of him as his actions to me deserve: but there is something bitter in my heart at this moment, which I cannot speak. It tells me how much better it would have been for me to have been the son of poor and virtuous parents, than of this fine, unknown gentleman.'

"Poor aunt! poor aunt! she wept so bitterly, she kissed me so warmly, I could not find it in my heart to say anything more. I told her how much I loved her, and that I hoped soon to prove to her that I did so. She blessed me, told me to be patient, to do nothing rashly, but to bear a little longer the roughness of her husband. Then taking down her Bible, she sought the consolation of the wretched, where alone she could find it—in the Word of God.

"I went to bed with my two brothers, as I called them; but do you think that sleep could close my eyes? We lay in a little room leading to my mother's, three brothers in one bed, two sisters in the other, and mother, as I called her, had to pass

through our room to her own. I soon heard John and George asleep, and I lay still, thinking of all the occurrences of the day, and revolving in my own mind what should be my future plans. I did pray earnestly to God ; yes, I prayed to him to provide for me, to help me out of my difficulties, and to do with me as he saw fit. Comfort came with my prayers, high resolutions entered my mind. I saw all my foster-parent's natural antipathy to me, and, though I knew him cruel to myself, yet I never saw him unnatural to any of his own children. On the contrary, he was very kind to them. Little did I think how soon I should be compelled to act upon my own resources.

“ Wright came home, as I said, intoxicated. I heard him throw open the cottage door, and, in a savage manner, upbraid mother with the occurrences of the day.

“ ‘ Oh ! oh ! ’ says he, ‘ reading the Bible, are you ? Has the boy been reading with you ? — time he should, time he should ; for if he cross my path much longer, I shall be the death of him.’

“Mother replied by something I could not hear ; but I thought I heard a blow follow. Mother fell, but rose and came up stairs quickly, sobbing as if her heart would break. I felt my young blood boil ; I heard Wright come staggering up stairs after her, and, as he passed my bed, he gave me as he thought such a revengeful blow, as must waken me. I did not choose to wake, and fortunately, my apparel, which I had tucked under the bed-clothes, that it might not anger his sight, received his fist, whilst I received his malediction. That did me no hurt. It hurt me more to hear his wicked blasphemies and dreadful imprecations against my aunt and myself. He appeared to me to fling himself upon his bed, and, overpowered by drunkenness and passion, to curse himself to sleep.

“Aunt was in her bed, but, poor soul, I should say she did not sleep ; she was very quiet, however, and I thought, towards morning, that she might have got some rest. No wink had I ; I was too full of great things. I prayed for all around me. I thought of another day in that house ! I pondered over the

past. I tried to look into the future, but I could see nothing but the faint gleam of the horizon light, the line of which was broken by the old church steeple.

“Something whispered to me as it were, ‘now Thomas, now’s your time ; prove yourself a man. Up with you, and off with you !’ I resolved ; drew myself between my brothers, as quietly as I could ; slowly I crept, as softly as a cat, to the foot of the bed, pulled out my clothes from underneath the coverlet, and laid them down on the floor. All was still. I slipped on my worsteds, took up my trowsers, unfortunately by the legs, and in an instant, out dropped my crown piece upon the floor, with such a jink, that I really thought I must have been discovered. Another instant convinced me that I was the only listener. All was still. I crept along the floor, feeling for my father’s gift, which, luckily, I touched upon under my sister’s bed. Softly I gained my former position, held the crown piece in my mouth till I was dressed, then, taking my high-lows in my hand, I gently seated myself upon the staircase,

and slid down into the room below. The door was partly open, I sat upon the old sill, put on my thick covering for my feet, and, in another second, I was in the road.

“ ‘Good bye, mother ! good bye, brothers and sisters !’ said I ; and off I set, up the hill to the Norwich road, as fast as my legs would carry me.”

“ But did you not bid your poor aunt really good bye ?” said the soldier’s daughter.

“ You shall hear what I did, another time ; but I must now go down to barracks. Only promise me to think as well as you can of me.”

The reader must now be referred to another chapter, if he has found sufficient interest in this to read it.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE RECRUIT'S HISTORY CONTINUED.

PARADE was over, and the young soldier returned to Wellington's quarters, and was joyfully welcomed by all the party. A conversation had taken place between them all, upon the merits of the case, and they were pretty well agreed that the youth exhibited a becoming spirit, and that he was justified in leaving the roof of a man who had treated him, an innocent boy, in so brutal a manner.

The young girl felt much, she said, for the mother ; but if she could at that time have spoken truth of herself, she felt much more interested in the young man who was placed in so painful a situation. She

longed to hear the result of his wanderings, and was not a little anxious, when he again resumed the thread of his narrative.

“ I told you of my escape from the cottage, and my gaining the Norwich road. Do not suppose I left dear old Hingham without a sigh. I loved the old free-school—I loved the master of it. I looked at the lake with many a wish that I might one day fish again in its waters. I loved many of the inhabitants. I loved the church, and, as I took my last look at it from the height, I secretly prayed that I might yet join in prayer and praise with those I had been accustomed to respect from my earliest days. The tears trickled down my cheeks, as I ran on ; for I literally ran when I lost sight of my native lace in the hope that the further I could get from it, the further my sorrows would recede from me. It was but just dawning when I started, and, as the light increased, I reached the corner of Kimberly Park.

“ ‘ What are you blubbering about ? ’ said one of Lord Wodehouse’s keepers to me, as he suddenly

emerged from the lane beside the high road. ‘ What are you blubbering about ? Is your mother ill, and are you off thus early for a doctor ? What’s the matter, boy ?

“ ‘ I cannot tell you what is the matter,’ said I, ‘ but I have nothing particular to cry about, that I know of.’

“ ‘ The more fool you, then, to cry for nothing ; but I am not to be put off so. You are truanting ; you have done something wrong, young smooth-beard. Now take my advice, and cut back again, as fast as you can. Beg pardon, and don’t stray away from the preserve in which you appear to have been well fed and taken care of. Come now, are you not stealing away from school, or from apprenticeship, or from your parents ; and have you not been guilty of some crime ?’

“ ‘ No, that I have not,’ said I. ‘ I have been sinned against, and not sinning against any one. I have no father in Hingham to care about me, no school now to claim me as a scholar ; neither am I bound as apprentice to any one. Yet I am, it is

true, running away from Hingham, and to seek employment wherever I can.'

" ' But what makes you stir so early ? what makes you cry ? '

" I told the man how it was, and I begged of him, if he could, to see my mother, and tell her I was gone to Norwich, and that I would write to her from that place, and not to alarm herself about me, for that I felt persuaded I should take no hurt. The gamekeeper believed my tale, and very kindly gave me a little brandy and water and a biscuit, which set me up from a faint heart, and enabled me to push on to Norwich. It might be eight o'clock before I reached Colney, and, three miles further, I entered the suburbs of the city.

" As I entered, I overtook an old soldier. He certainly was not so tall as myself, though he must have been many years my superior in age and experience, and he walked as upright and stately as though on parade ; as I passed him, he touched me with his stick, saying : ' Halt ! ' I did so. ' Come,' said he, ' I 've met with many fools

who could not take the word of command. So far, so good! Right about face! 'Good again!' said he, for I turned to speak to him. 'Silence!' 'Heads up! Now, boy, what do you say to becoming a soldier?' 'I don't care if I do,' said I, 'if you will take care of me.' 'Well, younker, if you'll take care of yourself, I'll take care of you. What are you? Where do you live? What's your age? How long, will you enlist for? What can you do? Where are you going?' and many more such questions he asked, which I could not find time to answer. At length he stuck to this one, 'Should you like to be a soldier?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Then come along with me and get some breakfast.'

"We turned into an inn, in the city, and I soon found that I had got into the company of the identical Dan Long, whom you have recently become acquainted with. Dan was a right hearty, merry fellow: he was full of fun, and so playful that I really began to imagine it might only be one of his tricks that he was playing off upon me, and that he had no serious intention of enlisting me.

But I soon found to the contrary; for he took me down to barracks, in King Street, near the river, introduced me to a sergeant, who gave me a shilling to drink as he called it; took down my name, which I gave—Thomas Hewitt, birth-place, Hingham; asked me if I would serve His Majesty; and accept the bounty? To which I answered 'Yes, I will.' And heartily did I join the 48th regiment, which had only arrived in the summer of that year from the West Indies.

"I was paraded about the streets with other young fellows, who, like myself, wanted employment and did not care much what service they entered, provided they could be clothed and fed. They sought to make me tipsy; but, thanks to my good instructor at Hingham, I resolved, let me be what I might, I would never take to drinking. I shall never forget one day parading along market-hill, when, with our colours flying from our hats, and we all looking as smart as ribbons could make us, whom should I meet but my aunt! and with her, Mrs. Hewitt, my own mother. In a

moment, she flew into my arms, and with tears implored me not to enlist for a soldier.

“The bystanders were of various opinions. One called out, ‘Take him home, mother, take him home, don’t let him go!’ Another said: ‘Let him go, mistress, if he will. He’ll want his mother one day.’ Another, ridiculing me, said, ‘He wants a little mammy’s milk,’ and various other very pertinent remarks were voluntarily offered. I simply told them, I would talk to them as soon as we had got to the barracks, and begged of them not to make themselves and me, so conspicuous in the public streets. Poor souls, they followed us weeping, and, when I reached King Street, sergeant Humphreys gave me leave to go with my friends; only reminding me, that as I had enlisted and accepted the bounty, I should be considered a deserter if I went away without leave.

“Aunt, mother, and I, then went into the Sun Inn, and the good landlady, seeing how it was with us, took us into the parlour, and joined in the discussion quite as warmly as my aunt and my mother.

“ ‘ Ay, boy !’ says she, ‘ take my advice, and go back with your mother. I had a son once, and he went to the West Indies, enlisted into the very regiment now come to Norwich, and I lost him soon after he got out. I am told that out of eight hundred men who went out with good health, only forty eight have returned. It was such an unhealthy climate that they were all swept off by the fever.’

“ ‘ But I have not enlisted to be employed anywhere out of Europe.’

“ ‘ Well, Thomas, but why should you go for a soldier at all ? You will throw away all your education, and your life also.’

“ ‘ I do not know that, aunt, nor you either. It is the first thing that has offered itself, and I have enlisted, accepted the bounty, and go I must.’

“ ‘ But I have got enough to buy you off with. When you left Hingham, ten days ago, the very morning you left, it began to be rumoured about that Wright had made away with you. Reports came flying in, that a hat was found in the Mere;

that a cry had been heard in the night ; that Wright had been heard the night before, at the public-house, to vow vengeance against you ; and several men came to me, and told me they had heard him say that he would murder you. Your old master came to the cottage and took on so, that, had he been your father, he could not have been more anxious about you. In short, my husband was taken into custody, and, though he stoutly denied any knowledge of what had become of you, suspicion was so strong against him, that he was taken before the bench of Magistrates. I was summoned, I was asked about my husband's treatment of you. I did not wish to say any thing ; but at that time I was dreadfully afflicted, for one of the Magistrates said he had heard Wright say you were not his child. I was called upon to state whose son you were. I refused to state it. I was asked why ? Because,' said I, 'his father declared, that if ever I told whose son he was, he would never give me one farthing for his support !' Here Wright interrupted me, and at once, in open court, declared

before the bench whose son you were. I felt, what I cannot speak. The Magistrates were about to make out Wright's committal to Norwich gaol, when Lord Wodehouse's gamekeeper came in great haste, and gave evidence upon oath concerning your confession to him, and your determination to find employment for yourself.

“ Wright was acquitted, and one of the Magistrates, taking me aside, said he was an intimate friend of your father's, and he would see what could be done for you. In the mean time, inquiries should be made for you.

“ Yesterday, the gentleman who said he would inquire about you, called at my cottage. Wright was at home. He spoke to him about the cruelty of his conduct towards you, and persuaded him to let me go to Norwich to look after you. He gave his consent, and went to work. The gentleman then told me he had heard that you had enlisted; he brought me money from your father to buy you off, and then said he would see what might be done with you afterwards. So that I can get you off;

probably can get you a better situation ; and now, return with me, for your poor mother's sake ;' and my mother certainly sat, the very picture of agonizing despair, looking at me, and I at her, with the strongest internal emotion.

“‘ Or remain here, if you like, boy,’ added the good-hearted old landlady—whom, if ever I see again, I will remind of her kindness and repay it if I can : if not, I hope God will, for it was very good of her.”

“That was something like yourself, dear mother,” observed the soldier’s daughter. “But you did not go back with your aunt or mother, or I should not have seen you here.”

“That’s true, Mary Anne, but I cannot tell you what a pang I felt it, to deny the good soul the gratification of taking me back with her. I told them, however, that I was determined never to go back to Hingham again, unless I could do so independently. I was determined to be a soldier, and, as long as I could live without being a burthen to any one, I would. ‘Would you have me now.

pointed at, through the village as ———, mother ? If you do not see how much better it would be for yourself to have me out of the way, why then I see it for myself ; and, unless I am turned out of the regiment, you will see that I am glad to remain in it. Now come, old lady,' said I, to the good woman who had befriended me ; tell me honestly, don't you think that, after a little while, mother, aunt, and I, shall all feel better to let things be as they are ? I feel confidence in God, that I shall one day come back again to this city, and perhaps may live and die in it. I have enlisted to serve in the present war, and for six months after a general peace, and not to be employed, without my full consent, out of Europe.'

" You are a brave boy," said the old woman, ' and God's blessing go along with you ! Oh, what troubles do we poor creatures bring upon ourselves ! but I will do my best to soothe and befriend your mother : and, if you direct any letters to her, or your aunt, at my house, I will forward them by a safe hand to Hingham. The old carrier

puts up at my house, and several of the farmers come here on a market-day.'

"‘ And must I go back without you, my boy ? Perhaps it may be the last time I shall see you ; and oh ! what hardships may you not have to endure ; and all on my account. Pray God forgive me !’ said my poor mother. I could not help joining both my prayers and my tears with hers, and we were all of us the better for them. Mother was glad she had seen me. I was glad she had at least found me, though she could not shake my resolution.

"‘ We looked at each other often, tenderly, with mutual tears ; but we parted, yet not before I had again said to her, ‘ Mother, you have not told me my real father’s name !’ ‘ I will not repeat it, my boy,’ she answered ; ‘ there, it is written on that card —write to him, if you want anything ; I know he will befriend you.’

"‘ I will, mother, should I feel it necessary ; but nothing shall ever induce me so to do for myself alone. I will be honest with you, mother. I shall

not trouble him, if I can help it ! You have given me this money, which he sent to buy me off— If you see him, give it him again, or tell him to give it to aunt for her family. I want nothing.'

"I suspect, however, that mother or aunt left the money with the landlady, for, after they were gone, and I came to bid the old woman good bye, she put into my hand a tin case, containing a packet, and told me not to open it till I found I wanted money."

"Have you got the case still ?" inquired Wellington.

"Here it is, I will open it when I have finished my story, for I long to pay you for all my things."

"What was the name of your father ?" innocently asked the young girl.

"That I shall keep to myself," said the young man, "until it shall be proved that it would be of service to any one to reveal it."

Mary Anne blushed at her own question, after the gentle rebuke of the young soldier.

"Go on with your history, my lad. I should think you had got over the worst part of it."

"Not the worst for me; for I was, and indeed am still but a young greenhorn."

"You will grow up tough enough," said Wellington, "and may return to rebut your enemies."

"I would return to do any good I could for them, after all. It is better to fight our country's foes, than to be full of ill-will at home."

As no one attempted to deny this truth, the young man continued his history :

"On the 21st of December, we left Norwich and marched to Diss. This was the first time we had regularly left barracks on our route, and, when I came to Diss, I could not help thinking of Hingham. The Mere, the church, the town, all called to mind my native place. We stopped here but one night, and on we went to Ipswich; the following day to Colchester. The 24th, being Sunday, the regiment halted; the next day we removed to Witham, and then on to Chelmsford barracks. The Buckingham-

Militia were quartered in the same barracks with ourselves; and the Colonel of the Bucks was a noble buck himself, for, on the 1st of January, 1798, he gave, according to his annual custom, a good dinner to all in barracks; which, with a sufficient quantity of ale to make us all thankful, without excess, formed a treat, and the first generous feast I was ever at. The regiments separated after this truly British and loyal feast, without the slightest dispute; and, I believe I may say, every man was gratified and thankful.

“ Whilst at Chelmsford, we received recruits from various quarters; and, as I now began to get out of the awkward squad, so I had, truly, pity upon the poor country bumpkins, like myself, who came in slowly to fill the ranks of the 48th. Dan declared we should never be full at this rate. We were then hatching up an expedition to Holland, but Ireland was talked of as our destination, for we heard of the disturbances in that country; yet we did not relish the idea of going out against our fellow-subjects. I ought to state, that all the counties around had been

raising a kind of supplementary militia ; from this class the 48th received many men.

“ In February we received an order to march to Worcester, by way of Epping, London, Oxford, and Chipping Norton, and to increase our numbers as we went. We arrived at Worcester in the month of March, and there we received recruits from Wales, Hereford, Birmingham, and from Shropshire.

“ At this place, we received our new Lieutenant-Colonel, Martin Hunter ; also Mr. Hughes, Paymaster, and Mr. T. Magee, our Adjutant. Here the officers engaged a German master for the band. We formed our band on parade, for the first time, on Easter Sunday. We had command from the War Office to enlist six boys for it ; and as, once upon a time, I had had given me a fife at Hingham fair, upon which I had learned to play one or two tunes, I was selected by the comical drum-major, Dan Long, as fit to serve his Majesty in the capacity of fifer. I had no objection to this, as I

was really fond of music, and was glad of the opportunity to improve myself in it.

“Accordingly Dan took me under his wing, or rather pretended so to do, for he was something under five feet, and might more properly be called Dan Short, than Dan Long. But, if nature had not been bountiful to him in height of body, she had not failed him in spirit, or in wit; for there never was a man like Dan, for readiness of invention, cheerfulness of disposition, and peculiar powers of entertainment. He can not only play all instruments, but he can imitate the voices of all birds and beasts; and many a time have I known the whole troop turn their heads, to see if a tiger had sprang down behind them. It is wonderful to hear him imitate the roar of a lion, the lowing of an ox, the barking of a dog, or the crowing of a cock. If you suspected nothing, and knew not that it was Dan, you would be deceived. I have seen officers and men run fit to tumble down, as a report came that a mad bull was coming, and Dan’s roar would be close upon their heels.

“If he were to go to London to exhibit himself, there are such a number of people there who would like to hear him, that I verily believe he might make his fortune. He loves the army, and, as you will hear him say, he would rather live and die among soldiers, than among any class of men. He used to be full of fun off parade; but, when on duty, no man ever caught him playing tricks. He was as much in earnest then, as a commanding officer could be in the day of battle. He was, with all his eccentricities, a man most sincerely respected in the regiment, and to this day is called the Chronicle. For the last forty years, Dan can tell you every man who has been in the regiment, where he came from, what sort of a chap he is, or was, and what service he is best fit for. I will tell you more of Dan another time; but you will see enough of him during his stay at Gibraltar, to convince you there are not many men like him in the army. I must now speak more of myself and our regiment.

“On the 9th of June, we received orders to march for Poole, in Dorsetshire. We passed through

Tewkesbury, Gloucester, Salisbury, and other places, arrived in July at Poole, and marched into barracks near the quay. We had not yet received our regiments, we expected them at Lymington, but they came not to hand; so that we received orders to embark for Gibraltar, before we had any regular outfit.

“ I have told you few of my hardships, because I have been made, by your kindness, almost to forget them : but I state a positive fact, that I had not been ten months in the army, before I had wished myself, some thousand times, out of it. But I will not dwell upon my troubles ; had it not been for my warm friend Dan, I should not have been the man I am.

“ We got on board the Calcutta, with eight hundred men, a General and his staff, and prettily crowded you may suppose we have been. I have heard of the black hole at Calcutta, but the stowage of the Calcutta which brought us over here was just as bad.

“ You saw the plight in which I landed ; and now, tell me, could anything be more pitiable ? ”

“Bad enough of all conscience; but not so bad you see, but that it is made better.”

“Ay, so it is; and now I think of it, I will examine my tin case. Come, Wellington, you shall break it open.”

“No, do it yourself.”

The thing was soon done. A glove was found within, which, upon being untied, contained a packet of golden guineas, and a mother's love.

“Do you take care of half for me, dame Wellington, and I will take care of the rest; and, as Gibraltar is such a famous place to spend money in, I fear I shall not leave it with much in store.”

The young soldier paid Wellington for his clothes, and, having received the thanks and good wishes of the family, they shook hands, and the youth departed to his barracks.

## CHAPTER VII.

## DISSENSION AND DANGER.

At this time, there existed no small danger of disaffection among several regiments at Gibraltar; and emissaries from Spain and France, under the garb of deserters, began to disseminate doctrines totally at variance with all order and discipline. There were some young spirits, of but too inflammable a nature, too ready to listen to the syren voice of the demagogues and rebels of polluted France.

The liberty enjoyed under the Republic, though that liberty was wild and visionary, began to be contrasted with the pretended slavery of England.

The soldiers were industriously taught that, in France, the poorest might very soon rise out of the ranks to be a commanding officer, and that, in England, he might live and die a slave.

“Here comes Hewitt,” said a bold fellow of the 18th Royal Irish, “and as I live, he has more knowledge in his little finger, than all of us put together.” A party of men had got together under one of the out-houses in the barracks, and were talking about their grievances. If a man begins to speak even of an imaginary evil, how soon his blood boils ! for the devil is burning under his heart and aggravating all his tortures, and urging him on to desperation.

“I say, Hewitt, what do you say to the news ? It is reported here that we shall soon be off to Egypt, to fight in the deserts of Africa ! Did you list for this service ?”

“No, I did not,” said Hewitt ; “but I must have some more convincing argument than your mere talk of the thing, to make me believe it.”

“You may believe it, however,” replied young

Mac'Antry, "for we know that Egypt will soon be our destination. Well, any place is better than this rock-salt mountain ! Here we are, with nothing but salt junk, horrid bread, and worse water ; whilst close at hand is a land flowing with milk and honey. We have half a mind to sign a round-robin to the Governor, demanding a boat for every regiment to catch fish in the bay three times a week. We are sick of the provisions we have."

"Mac, my boy, take my advice, though I am a young one ; it would be better to get your officers quietly to suggest the thing to the Governor, than for you to demand it of him."

"Ah, ah, that's always the case with you Norfolk boys ! You are always for a quiet representation of your evils. You fellows do very well when you get command ; but you are all tame fellows till you do."

"I say, O'Harty, don't you think those men make the best officers, corporals and sergeants, who have been the steadiest private soldiers ?"

"That's your Norfolk argument ; and you fellows have no spirit till the day of battle."

“I beg your pardon, we lack no courage, except in things where it is doubtful whether we are right. True courage, is to obey orders, my boy! I never knew a man a coward who was convinced he was doing right; and I have seen hundreds of boys run away at the sight of one man, when they knew they were doing wrong. But I was looking for Dan Long; where is he?”

“In the guard-room, to be sure. Dan's always on his guard, and he makes a chick of you.”

“Take care, boys, he don't make something else of you, for some of you begin already to look like scarecrows.”

Young Hewitt departed to search for his friend Dan, and expressly to invite him to go with him to Wellington Cot. The spirits he left, however, continued their conversation, which, as it led to a serious event, must be narrated in this chapter.

“He will not do, old boy. He's a shy cock, and, though a spirited, clever young fellow, in his way, yet he's too sober for a man of blood. Never

split to him, or may be he'd split some of us. Now to me he appears only fit for some lady's musician, just to play at balls, or concerts, or any other entertainments. He is not fit to play before soldiers. Leave him ! leave him to his friend Dan, he's a soldier every inch. Though he is a Major, however, 'tis only of the drum. Never mind, boys, you may think as long as you like, but I propose to act. One Dan's as good as another, and I hate a Dan who is all nonsense and gibberish, puffing and blowing, and blustering, without doing any thing. I say liberty, boys ! liberty, for ever ! who'll follow Dan Armstrong ? He'll lead you, boys, and never betray you."

"What's your plan ? Remember it's all very well to talk of a thing, but how is it to be done ? The Rock has so many eyes, that it looks over three quarters of the globe. I'm ready for a start ; but we had better all be agreed."

"My plan's a very simple one ! You, Yates, stand sentinel, at five o'clock in the morning. I propose we all be upon the alert at that time. We need

not go out all at once ; but, say you three, be off ten minutes after five, and saunter along towards the back of the Rock, and the next party follow ten minutes after, and all meet at Mid-Hill. We could descend the rock there, soon nab the guard at the Devil's Tower, and then join the Spanish lines. I'm sick of the service I'm in, where one gets nothing but lashes for the least wrong, and neither praise nor promotion if we do ever so well. Let's see : how many are we ?”

“ We are twelve here, but I know four more who would join us, and I'll see them to-night.”

“ I shall not be of your party,” said William Wright.

“ Nor I either,” said John Hope.

“ What, *you* desert us, Hope ! You desert us ? What makes this sudden change in you ? I thought, from the book you were reading the other day, you were fully persuaded that a soldier had a right to serve in whatever army he pleased ; and that the country that pays him best, is the best country for him.”

“ Well,” replied Hope, “ and so I did think at

the time I was reading the book, but somehow, I don't hold with running away from one's own regiment, in which one has been sworn to serve, and seeking another which may be fighting against it. Now, just tell me, how would you like to cut down Dan Long, Thomas Hewitt, Sam Studd, or any of your old friends, merely because you got a Spanish dollar or so more pay? I tell you, Armstrong, I will not join you; and I don't wish to know anything more about it."

This speech so completely surprised some of the more fearful ones, that two more, and one of them a cousin of Dan Armstrong's, seemed inclined to sheer off. But Dan put his hand on the arm of his cousin, and, with a very forcible argument, detained him.

"Be off with you, Wright and Hope; but you won't take my cousin Gladstone with you! No! I will never leave him behind me. Jim, you shall go in spite of yourself; and, as I promised your father I would never desert you, you shall never desert me. You may go and peach, Hope, if you like; but you shall not persuade this younker to turn tail."

"I don't want to persuade him or you, against your own resolves; but, let me tell you, Armstrong, if I thought peaching, as you call it, would save you all from being shot, I would not mind being shot by any of you for peaching. I don't intend, however, to do any such thing. I shall take care of myself, and let every one do as he likes about himself. I shall go."

He did go, but not without the jaunts and jeers of several desperate fellows, who drew the closer in consequence of the departure of the two wisest among them.

"What do you say, boys; shall it be to-night, or shall it be to-morrow, or the day after—when it will be my turn to be on duty?"

They all agreed it would be best when Armstrong was on duty. So they had another day to swell their grievances, and talk over their plans, appoint their companions, and cogitate over the future.

What a busy agent is the devil, when he stirs up his legions to rebellion! How he magnifies every

trivial circumstance into intended cruelty, and makes obstacles appear like enormities. These disaffected soldiers did but increase their own crimes, by suffering him to blow up the flame of discord in their souls. We shall see the consequences of their folly.

This very Dan Armstrong had a sister, who was engaged to one of his comrades; and the fatal secret got wind, through the horrid fears and disappointments of this poor girl.

She lived at a milliner's in the main street; and the young man, her affianced lover, was walking with her, on the shore, when he said,

“ Now, Nancy, I'm going to tell you a secret. Yes, a great secret. I may one day become Don Antonio Morgano ! instead of plain Antony Morgan ; but will you love me as well then as you do now ?”

“ Why, what is the matter with you, Antony ? I declare you look as pale as a ghost ; and your eyes start as if they would fly out of your sockets ! Have you seen the spectre of St. George's Cave !

or what's the matter with you? *You* become Don Antonio! and I suppose I am to be Donna Morgana! What's all this nonsense? Have you turned actor to the garrison?"

"No, Nancy. I am speaking only the plain truth. But, as no one can expect to rise in the world without danger, neither do I; so that you must promise me secrecy, and I will tell you of a noble enterprise I have in hand, which is to raise me to the height of my ambition. Will you promise me to keep a secret?"

"Why do you attempt to tell me one, if you doubt that I should keep it? I don't want you to tell me, and I have no great faith in your enterprise to be a Don. You may tell me if you like, and, if you don't, you may let it alone."

"But you are concerned in it also, and both you and I must make an effort, if we would rise above our rank."

"I don't want to rise above my rank; and I don't want to sink beneath it; and, as my brother is a soldier, and you are a soldier too, what should we want to be Dons and Donnas for?"

“ Nancy, I shall be very plain with you. I know you will not love me the less, because I tell you the truth. The fact is, Armstrong and I, and twelve others, have agreed to go over to the Spanish lines. Ay, you may start ! but we intend to join the glorious army which General Buonaparte is raising, to liberate all Europe ; he has sent us English soldiers word that, if we join his troops, he will advance us to officers immediately. What think you of that, Nancy ?”

“ What, Antony ! why, that you’re a fool ! I’ll never believe that my brother is such a hot-headed, head-strong fool as to join in such an enterprize. Come, Antony, this is only your fun ! This is only done to frighten me.”

“ On my honour, and it is not ! And, what is more, you must be a party to it, ask leave to go and buy some Spanish vegetables at the lines, give the soldier on guard there this very letter, and yourself remain with him till we come. Or, Nancy, you will lose me and your brother also.”

Poor Nancy ! She saw that there was some

determination in her lover's eye, but she thought, as many of her sex have done, that she could yet save the youth from his premeditated folly. She loved him—how faithfully, will be seen in the sequel. But she tried to turn him.

“I will not lose you both without trying to save you. Now, if you love me, Antony, give me this promise, or I will be off my engagement with you. Drive out of your head this madness, this French insinuation, this horrid thought of deserting your country, and persuade my brother to do the same ; or, I will have nothing to say to you ! Moreover, I will go this instant, and give notice to the Governor, and have you both taken into custody !”

“ You would, Nancy, would you ? And so see your brother and me hung up on the Mole, or shot upon parade, and then, rejoice that you had been the cause of it ! Go on, Nancy ! Go on ! You had better do so at once, for, I tell you honestly, Dan and I are determined, and we have gone too far to recede.”

“ Not yet, I hope ! No, not yet ! Do not drive me mad, Antony ! Do not drive me out of my senses, or I shall at once betray you. Oh, my poor heart, my poor heart ! What shall I do ? Have you considered all the consequences of this act ? Think, think of your example ! If followed, what will become of our country ! what will become of us all ? Antony, Antony ! Oh, do not be so mad !”

“ I am not mad, Nancy, nor would I make you mad ; but if you will not do this simple act I ask of you, why then we must take our chance, and I shall lose you.”

“ Well, it were better so, than that we should all perish. But, Antony, this will not end well. You cannot escape, or, if you do escape, you will be retaken, and be shot like a dog.”

“ Ay, a dog is shot, when he’s of no further use, and so, I suppose, shall I be. Nancy, don’t you think me something better than a dog ?”

“ If you were but as faithful to your master, as a dog is to his, you would indeed be much better than he is. A good dog never deserts his master.”

“ That depends upon who he is, and what kind of master he is. A cruel one will even be deserted by his dog.”

“ I think not, Antony ; for he will lick the very hand that beats him ; and correction is good, even for a dog.”

“ Yes, but not such correction as must be cruelty. Now, here have we been, sun-burnt, thirsty, hungry, tormented, and can obtain neither fresh meat, fish, nor vegetables ; no pay, no clothes, and nothing but debts. We should not run away if we were not treated worse than the Governor's dogs.”

“ I don't believe it. You and brother both look well, and are well ; and, if you were but ‘ content with your wages,’ as the Scriptures say you ought to be, you might be as happy as other people ; but this comes of those sly, artful agents, who are at work among you soldiers, turning your hearts with the new doctrines of the French Revolution. Antony, you don't love me. Go ! go ! get to be a Don, and marry some native Donna ; and, should

you ever see plain Nancy Armstrong in Spain, doff your hat to her, for she will be much happier as she is, than as she would be, let her be one of the grandest of the grand in Spain."

" Well, Nancy, good bye then ! good bye ! You will not betray brother and me ? I shall soon see you again, and I hope you will then acknowledge I was right."

Young Morgan left the poor girl in the utmost despair. There was too much earnestness in his manner to allow her to believe it to be an invention to try her sincerity ; but she knew not what to do. At one time she thought of going direct to the Governor, and revealing what had been said. Then she thought it would lead to their disgrace, and perhaps, their death. Again she thought of going to her brother, but she feared the violence of his temper. She bethought her of her friends up the Rock. Wellington's wife had been very kind to her, and she resolved to go that very evening, and ask what she would advise.

She went as fast as she could, and overtook his

daughter returning with a goat's milk can to the cottage.

"Is your mother in the house, my dear?" she said. "Is your mother alone? I want to speak to her."

The child perceived, by her flurried manner, that she had something important to communicate, and said, "Had I not better just step in, and see if mother is alone?"

"Do my dear; do, pray do!"

The poor girl was in great agitation, and, not being very strong, was at that moment almost beside herself. Mrs. Wellington happened to be alone. Poor Nancy entered, and, almost dead, fell fainting on the floor.

"Do save them! do save them!" she half wildly exclaimed. "I know they are mad! I know they are mad!"

"Who is in danger? Who are mad? Is young Morgan in danger?"

"Yes! yes! he is," she cried, still more wildly. "Hush! hush! Mrs. Wellington, do you know

my brother and he have resolved to murder me!"

"Pooh! nonsense child. What are you talking about? Danger! save them! and they are going to murder you! Come, come! you are not well. Take off your bonnet. Come, be calm, be calm. They would not murder you. Be composed; there, there—Mary Anne, take her shawl. Come, poor thing, be comforted." The poor girl looked around her, first on one side and then on the other.

"Is the door shut?"

"Yes, it is."

"Read that, Mrs. Wellington! read that!" for Morgan had not taken back the letter.

Mrs. Wellington took it, hastily opened it, and read:

"TO GENERAL BUONAPARTE, OR TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE SPANISH FORT.

"General,

"We have received your invitation to become your soldiers; and we have, fourteen of us, whose names are hereunto affixed, sworn to come over to

you. We shall pass the Devil's Tower to-morrow morning, at six o'clock. You will know us by a white feather in our leader's hat. General, we will be your officers, according to your promise. So look for us to-morrow at sunrise.

“ (Signed,) ”

“ DAN ARMSTRONG.

“ ANTONY MORGAN.

“ T. MAC'ANTREY.

“ DENNIS O'HARTY.

and ten others.”

Mrs. Wellington saw at once the horrible plot that must be hatching, and she knew from fearful experience, what terrible consequences must ensue if the party were discovered. She felt for the poor girl, and was in the act of comforting her, when Dan Long and young Hewitt entered the cottage.

Dan came laughing in, with his good-humoured face and fun, and said,

“ Mrs. Wellington, do you intend to make a spooney of my young friend here? He's been telling me you are so kind to him; and that he

loves you and your daughter ; and, if ever he marries, he vows that this little damsel shall be his wife. But what say you to that, my lassie ? Hallo ! hallo ! My friend Antony's friend here, and in tears too ! What's the matter ? I smell a rat, Mrs. Wellington."

" There never was such a nose as your's, Dan," said Hewit. " Do you remember making all the noblemen laugh, when you saluted one of the Foreign Ambassadors at the review, with his bright, tawdry uniform, for the Prince of Wales ? They all declared they had never seen such a nose as yours ; and I say so too. You smell a rat ! Where is it, Dan ? Perhaps you can tell us where to find it."

Now, in this speech, young Hewitt exhibited a sagacity above his years ; he perceived how the current set, and judged at once, that the fiery Morgan had been frightening the poor girl with some of his desperate complaints : but Dan, looking at him very earnestly said :

" Take care I don't shoot you for a rat, Hewitt. I know well, something more's the matter than

I shall be told. I never saw a soldier's sweetheart crying, except when her soldier was going to leave her. Now, my lass! come. I'm an old soldier, and it has been my office, as drum-major, to order many a lash to be given to a refractory one. Now, tell me, shall I give orders for Antony Morgan to be tied up, for you to give him what he deserves?"

The poor girl hung her head, and looked at Mrs. Wellington for an answer.

"Come into my room with me," she said. "Come with me. Mary Anne, do you stay with Mr. Long. Come, my dear."

Nancy Armstrong retired with the soldier's wife ; whilst Dan Long, for a minute or two, became abstracted ; when he awoke from his reverie he heard Hewitt saying to the soldier's daughter. "What Dan says is very true ! If ever I should marry, you must be my wife. Now, what do you say, my safe conductress ?"

"Why, that if Mr. Hewitt does not prove to be some nobleman's son, and will not choose to forget

poor Mary Anne Wellington, why then, she will never forget him!"

"Upon my word," cried Dan, "betrothed! betrothed before me, Dan Long, drum-major of his Majesty's gallant 48th. Well now, I will make short work of it: I publish the banns of marriage between Thomas Hewitt, fifer, trombone player, fiddler, trumpeter, and hautboy player, or player of any kind, and Mary Anne Wellington, maid of the Rock of Gibraltar. This is for the first, and last time of asking."

"I forbid the banns," exclaimed Wellington, as he entered the house.

"And why so, father?" asked the child.

"For reasons which I will plainly give, when Dan Long shall ask the legal question."

"Well, father, I shall call him my husband, lawfully or legally, as you may term it. So I promise to be his little wife."

"About as much right to that title as I have to be called Long," observed the drum-major. "You ought to be called Long, and I Short; but what have names to do with nature,

and what has size to do with greatness ! There never was a bigger fellow, I suppose, than Goliath of Gath ; but he was not very great when little David laid him low. You, my friend, Hewitt's little wife ! Thomas, you must keep the start of her or she will soon out-top you."

Just at this time, Nancy came from the sleeping-room with Mrs. Wellington, and, poor girl, she wore a more cheerful face, though deep sorrow was seated at her heart.

"Shall I see you home ?" said Hewitt.

"No," replied Dan. "I am the oldest soldier on the Rock. No one will be jealous of me. So give us your arm, young woman, I'll be your guard."

Nothing could prevent Dan Long from fulfilling the office of protector. Go he would, and go he did, and he had not proceeded a hundred yards, before he said: "Now, young woman, you may as well make a confidant of me ! I know young Morgan is going to try to escape. Is

it not so? Is he not going to desert? Tell me! I may perhaps save him!"

"And will you try, Sir?"

"I will."

"Then do so this very night; or, he may be dead to-morrow."

"Is there any one else concerned with him?"

"My brother Armstrong."

"I will do my best, I have perceived the restlessness in barracks some time! I suspected what you tell me! Do you know of any more?"

"I know none others by name; but there are fourteen in all."

Dan started, for he felt it would indeed require a strong band to subdue these formidable delinquents. He saw the poor girl home to the town, and returned to Wellington's Cot. But Dan's cheerfulness seemed turned into melancholy. No smart sayings! No mirth!—Dan had a good heart; and, if he could save a comrade from punishment, disgrace, or death, Dan's very life, as far as it was

lawful, would be given to his service. He returned to barracks, without breathing one word to the artillery-man, but deeply, warmly, and yet ~~fear~~-fully determined, to prevent his brother-soldiers' destruction.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE ATTEMPT, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It makes a man feel strangely, to be conscious that the life of another is in his hands, and that silence may prove his death. It makes even an old soldier's heart tremble, when he feels that secret service, however dangerous, may save a fellow-comrade from destruction, and that to make no attempt to do so, must be to leave him to disgrace, and ruin.

"I must make the attempt, let it cost me my own life," said Dan, as he entered the barrack-yard by the south bastion. "Besides, I have promised, and I will venture to say the poor girl sits in

agony at this moment, wondering how I may succeed. Armstrong, however, is a desperate fellow, and there's no telling how he may take it."

He entered the guard-room, and inquired of the officer of the watch, who were appointed to mount guard that night?

The names given to him were above suspicion, until four o'clock relief was found to be allotted to Dan Armstrong.

"Ho ! ho !" said he to himself, "four o'clock ! Mum ! I must keep my vigils till he mounts guard, and, at the risk of all consequences, I must do what I hope will be taken kindly."

The brave fellow could not but consider himself in a dangerous position. He was quite sure, if but three or four should be near at hand, at the time of his speaking to him, that they would probably prevent his uttering many words.

"I will load my pistol to give the alarm, however, if such should be the case. But, if he is alone, all may be well. I will sit up in my own

room, until the watch goes to the gate at four o'clock."

Dan sat anxiously watching the sentinel patrolling backwards and forwards every minute ; and, as the signal station clock struck three, he bethought himself of the coming chance.

He saw a light in Armstrong's quarters, and heard the sentinel give him his call to duty. Alone he came out of the room, alone he walked up to the gate, alone he took his station. Now, thought Dan, now's my time, now or never. He opened his barrack door, and walked up to the sentinel.

"Who goes there?"

"'Tis Dan Long," replied the brave fellow.

"What brings you up here so early, Dan?"

"To try to save your life, brother Dan!"

"What! and why to save my life?"

"Hush, Armstrong, I know it all! Now, for the sake of your soul, let me take your duty, and go you and tell your fellows, it's all blown. Say to

them, 'Dan Long, at the risk of his life, has been bold enough to make the attempt to save us, and let's give up the enterprise.' I know that you, and Morgan, and twelve others, intend to desert this very day. Now, be advised, and, before the bubble is formed, draw in your breath, and keep your life."

"But others know it as well as yourself, and we shall all be arrested."

"Not a soldier knows it but myself; so now I make it an affair of honour."

Armstrong knew his man, that he never lied, and he felt convinced that Dan had somehow got at the secret, and that, out of kindness, he had resolved to prevent the desertion. But the devil was at that time as busy as ever at Armstrong's heart, and in a moment suggested an idea, which, to his wicked mind, appeared providential. It would be an easy thing, thought Armstrong to himself, to put Dan out of the way; and, if no one else knows anything of it, we may all escape before the deed can be discovered. Dan Armstrong was a determined

villain ; but little did he know how near he was to his own destruction. Short-sighted, ungrateful rascal as he was, pity had no place in his breast. Self, self, self, was all the liberty he loved, and, with a traitor's designing smile, he whispered his words of lying flattery—

“Dan, your hand ! I accept your offer. You're the best fellow in the world !” And, the moment Dan offered his hand, he gave him a blow with his carbine that laid him prostrate on the earth.

The poor fellow was indeed silenced. He lay motionless on the earth, and the rascal said to himself : “No, I won't leave marks of his blood !” So he would not pierce him through with his bayonet. He took him up in his arms, and first he thought of going to the ramparts, and hurling him into the sea, but just then he saw one of his comrades, coming out of his berth.

There was a cave close by, in which ammunition had been kept during the winter, but it was now full of fuel ; into this place the villain hurled what he thought to be the dead body, and took

his station at the gate again, as if nothing had happened.

His comrades came ; he let them pass. "Liberty" was the watch-word. On they went, to the place of rendezvous ; in ten minutes more, another party arrived ; five minutes afterwards, another ; then another, and another, until all were out. The villain closed the barrack gates, and followed his companions, Antony Morgan alone waiting to accompany him. They traversed the side of the hill, as they thought, without observation ; they even gained Middle Hill, and had prepared to descend, when, all at once, who should jump up from the side of the rock, but Wellington, and a strong division of men, to surprise them !

Twenty-four men, picked for the occasion, pursued them up the precipitous places of the rock, and called upon them to surrender. Twelve of the deserters were soon secured ; but Armstrong and Morgan desperately refused to surrender. They fled to the heights, and took their stand upon a ledge of

rock, whither Wellington followed them, desirous to take them, without taking their lives.

The two fellows stood on a projecting point of a precipice, of more than a thousand feet in height, and Wellington, advancing, called upon them to surrender.

“Point your carbine, and you are dead directly. I call upon you to surrender.”

“Come, and take me,” said the fellow addressed. “I will surrender.”

Wellington and two men advanced, and he was within arm’s length of Armstrong, when he made a grasp at him, to pull him over the rock. He missed his aim—in an instant was seen falling over and over in the air, from that tremendous height, and was literally dashed to pieces upon the rock below.

Madness seized the brain of Antony Morgan. He burst into a wild laugh, and sprang after his companion, to the horror of all beholders. So terminated the career of these deserters. It is scarcely necessary to add, that Wellington, discovering the letter,

which his wife had not properly secreted, took it at once to the Governor, and was himself ordered to secure the parties.

The drums of the different regiments beat to arms, as the prisoners descended the Rock. But, as they came down, they met a terrified female rushing up to meet them, in a distracted state. Her brother, and her lover were not there! Where were they? She heard the fatal news, and, with a wild shriek, she would herself have followed them, had she not been caught by the men and secured.

“ Oh! Dan Long!” she exclaimed. “ Dan Long is a traitor!”

This led to inquiries about Dan Long, who, strange to say, had never been known to be absent from his post without leave, for more than forty years. His room was searched; his bed had not been slept in, and no one knew where he was. The men, heavily ironed, were questioned about him, but poor Dan could not be found. No one could give any account of him.

Wellington's wife and daughter could bear evidence that Dan was at their house on the previous

evening. In the guard-room, the officer of the watch remembered his inquiries, but the mystery of his absence was not cleared up until eight o'clock that morning, when some of the soldiers, going to the cave for fuel, discovered the little drum-major in an insensible state, lying upon the heap of fuel. It was well known that Dan was always a sober man, and it was at first feared he was dead. The assistant-surgeon of the regiment was soon at hand, and, after copious bleeding, poor Dan began to open his eyes. He had received a most violent contusion on the forehead, and was far too weak to give any account of himself.

Melancholy it was, to see twelve young men brought that day into barracks, as the worst of prisoners; not taken honourably in the face of a foe, but as secret enemies, something worse than spies. They were conducted to the guard-room, amidst their comrades, with whom, a few hours before, they could have exchanged words and smiles. Now they could not lift their heads; and men looked upon them as something abominable in their sight.

" This comes of all their fine-spun theories of liberty and reason, their rights, and privileges," said Hope to Wright. " I thought it would end in this. I wish I might live to see that day, when the wild destroyer of nations, Napoleon, may be as crest-fallen as my poor comrades, his admirers."

" Perhaps we may both do so," replied Wright ; " but there is One above, to whom the tyrant must be answerable for the blood of these poor fellows, tempting and alluring them, under false promises, to desert their natural supporters. I wonder how he would feel, were he to be brought to this Rock, and here be tried for all his treacheries ?"

" Feel ! why much as these poor fellows do :—ashamed of himself. I suppose we shall have the Governor in barracks to-day, or shall we have to conduct the prisoners down to Government House ?"

" I know not ; but orders are passing, and officers are assembling in our Colonel's quarters. We shall hear something of it at the head of the regiment

to-day. But poor Dan, I wonder how he came by his ill-treatment?"

"Depend upon it, the truth will come out; and it will be found that Dan was put out of the way to prevent blabbing. See, there's General Picton coming into the barracks. There's something serious to take place, by the officers of the garrison assembling thus early."

Serious indeed, was the matter upon which the officers were meeting; for the Governor had given orders that a general court-martial should be held immediately, to inquire into the conduct of the prisoners, and to report the same to his excellency.

There is not a more painful situation for a soldier, than to stand before his officers in a court-martial; to be brought before men, whom he has been accustomed to obey, and from whom he expects the word of command to do his duty; now, no longer able to receive that word, or to be respected. The spirit of man is gone, when he feels conscience-smitten in his guilt. His strength fails him; he is

a shadow of his former self, the reality of which is gone.

The soldier's friends become his judges in such cases ; and fearful is it to reflect, that the sword which should be drawn only against the enemies of his country, must be drawn, by his own officers, against himself. It would be well for many young reckless men, could they see a general court-martial. They would never have forgotten it, had they seen the one which sat that day upon these offenders.

The officers were seated at a table, with pens and paper before them ; each, as occasion offered, putting some question as to the cause of this mutinous act. One of the soldiers was admitted as king's evidence ; and he honestly spoke the truth, and did not once falter in his testimony. Not one of them could deny what was said, nor did they attempt it.

When young Gladstone was brought forward, the evidence was given thus,

“ This man is innocent !”

“ How so ?” said General Picton.

“ I know he was forced into it by his cousin

Armstrong. I know he would have gone away from the party, with Wright and Hope, had he not been detained forcibly, and threatened, and compelled to join it."

"Can any one corroborate this testimony?"

"Yes! Hope and Wright can."

These two men swore to the same effect ; that Mark Gladstone was anxious to have nothing to do with the job, and would gladly, but for fear of Armstrong, who compelled him to take a cruel oath, against his conscience, have been out of the enterprise.

The court-martial deliberated a long time, and then summoned Gladstone by himself.

General Picton, who was chairman upon this occasion, addressed him in few, but earnest words, such as it would have been well for all the army to have heard.

"Gladstone, I rejoice that some favourable circumstances can be found in your case, to enable me to speak the decision to which your officers have come with regard to you. It appears, that you have not

been a willing companion of those bad soldiers, who have this day brought disgrace upon their names and characters ; that some power, both of force and fear, has been used to bind you to their company, and that you resisted whilst you had your own will. Now, bear in mind, young man, that it is always better to die in a good cause, than even to live in a bad one ; and that, had you been shot in the attempt to escape from mutinous companions, it would have been much better than to be shot as a deserter. Such would have been your fate, had not evidence been providentially elicited, to prove you, in some measure, innocent of this crime. But let it be a warning to you for the future. We shall represent your case to the Governor, and recommend you to his mercy. Go ! and never be found the companion of infidels and deserters ; but be a good soldier and a good man, as long as you live."

He was taken out of the room, with tears in his eyes at the good General's manly speech to him, and he profited by it as long as he lived.

The other ten were then brought in, to hear the decision of the court-martial, and the General addressed them all—

“ Wicked men, for I can no longer call you Soldiers—you have been taken in the act of deserting your friends, basely to join our common enemy. It is of no use my speaking to you of your future conduct, that will be left to the office of the Chaplain of the Forces, and your respective religious advisers. Your crime has been a public one, and the penalty of it will be a public execution. We have diligently and attentively examined all the evidence against you, and we are come to this unanimous resolution and sentence :

“ That you ten be condemned to be shot to death, at such time and place, as the Governor shall think fit to appoint.”<sup>2</sup>

A shudder ran through the frames of the stoutest among them, as they were taken back to confinement, never more to enjoy the satisfaction of a soldier’s name. They passed through rank and file

to their respective wards, and not an eye but looked upon them with pain, as they were conducted to their silent and solitary prisons.

The report was then formally made out, signed, and forwarded to the Governor.

One month was given to them, to prepare for eternity ; and this was not to be told to the prisoners, but each was led to believe that the day that was, was to be his last.

Poor Dan gradually revived, and received a visit from Wellington and his wife, and also a request, if he preferred being out of barracks for a time, to come and take up his quarters in his friend Hewitt's old berth.

“But, Dan, how came you in that cave ?”

“Simply by my own folly !”

“How so ?”

“I should have known better than to have trusted a man, who was such a villain as to desert his country. I might have been sure he would not scruple to kill me in a moment. But the fact is, I

promised that poor girl, the night I saw her at your cot and walked home with her, to make the attempt to save him."

"So, you were accessory to the fact, were you, Dan? You knew they were going off, did you? and you did not think fit to get them put under arrest immediately?"

"Would you have done so, Wellington?"

"To be sure I should, Dan, if I had not made a promise to the contrary; and to be sure I did so the very moment I discovered the plot. You have given young Hewitt but a bad example of your generalship. I should have played a different tune to him, if I had been you."

"But you, not being me, and I, not being you, we did not exactly agree. I did what I did, with good intention; but, I perceive much want of wisdom, and precaution, in the manner in which I did it."

"Well, Dan, the men are to be shot, and I suppose your band will have to play the dead march. I am glad, however, that your life was spared. We

will talk over the matter another time, and at my cottage; so go on improving in your practice, as you say to your pupils. Good bye."

Dan recovered by degrees, and was present, not by proxy, but in person, at the public execution, which shall form the subject of another chapter.

## CHAPTER IX.

## MILITARY EXECUTION.

IN whatever point of view a public execution may be looked upon, the intention of it is to do a public good. Doubts may exist, and very properly, as to the benefits resulting from it in civil states; and whether they who go, with pleasure, shall I call it? or even with morbid curiosity, to see such sights, do not come away from them with more hardened feelings than they before possessed. It is a strange madness in man, that he should find any gratification in the death-struggles of a culprit. It would speak far better for the morality and piety of a nation, if, instead of every thoroughfare being

crowded, and every window open to see a public execution ; men passed it by rapidly, and kept their windows closed, and their hearts in prayer for the unhappy victim.

It would be better, far better, if such things must be, that they should be carried into effect by the functionaries of the law within the precincts of the gaol, and before such public officers as the State may require. False heroism is mere mad desperation among the wicked, who carry out their ideas of magnanimity, in stubborn selfishness, even to the gallows. The public would be much more awed by not seeing the criminal suffer the extremity of the law, than by such an exhibition. Let it be known, as loudly and extensively as possible, that the law is to be carried into effect, at such an hour, on such a day ; and let a gun be fired to announce it, but let not the public behold the spectacle. The moral effect would be more deeply felt, even amongst the most degraded of the human race. Oh ! that all necessity for public executions were at an end ! Philanthropists, sincere philanthropists, would wish

that no one should ever injure another, and that all violence might cease ; but whilst philanthropists love money, and will only look to the good which may be done by riches, violence and every other passion will flourish. Reader, whoever you may be, tell me, is not this the truth ?

“And must they all suffer ?” said the soldier’s daughter to young Hewitt, on the 3rd of May, 1799. “Must they all suffer ? Cannot mercy be extended, and justice satisfied, without their deaths ?”

“No, Mary ; no. We have received orders to be in readiness to-morrow morning ; the sentence has been read at the head of all the regiments on their respective parades, and to-morrow—to-morrow they must die.”

“Oh ! how I wish that anything could prevent the execution. I feel so dreadfully for them, poor fellows ! But what must they feel, Hewitt ?”

“I hear that some of them feel so reconciled to their fate as to be elated, and even to fancy that they are going to die martyrs to the true cause of

liberty. The priests have some of them declared almost as much, and told others in the ranks that they might envy them their situation. Can this be religious consolation? Oh what will not false reasoning do to destroy faith!"

"But surely, Mr. Hughes, our worthy chaplain has not deceived them?"

"No; but he has only a small portion of them, under his spiritual guidance. Only three of them are Protestants; and though, by his office, he can speak to them all, yet much of his advice goes unheeded, or is counteracted by their respective advisers."

"I heard his sermon this day, and you must have noticed how silent the soldiers were as he addressed them upon that most applicable text, 'Do violence to no man, neither accuse any man falsely, and be content with your wages.' (Luke iii. v. 14.)"

"I did notice it, and I heard his calm address with peculiar satisfaction, because he so forcibly explained the soldier's duties, that he reconciled my mind to some things which had often troubled it."

"And what where they?" asked the young girl.

"I cannot tell you all my thoughts, maiden; but I have had serious fears lest a soldier might be excluded from salvation. These he most forcibly and truly combated. He distinguished very admirably between a just and an unjust use of the sword, and most ably proved that Christ did not want our swords to defend him, but our souls to glorify him. He instanced the many good Christians who had been soldiers of the State, and good soldiers of Christ Jesus. He instanced the devout Cornelius, and others, and argued that they were none of them ordered to leave their respective armies, and their obedience to their officers, though they were infidels. He quoted the memorable words of a celebrated Roman writer, who spoke of the fidelity of the Christians: 'We serve in your fleets and armies; we desert you only at the threshold of your temples.' He spoke of this desertion as the only lawful one for a Christian soldier. I shall never forget those words, 'We desert you only at the thresh-

old of your temples.' How powerfully did he then speak of the desertions which had lately taken place, and how manfully did he show that it was a species of infidelity for a soldier to be guilty of. Then came his address to all, concerning the value of religion, in soothing our present trials, and teaching us the duty of soldiers in preserving the lives of peaceful citizens; but, most of all, the rewards of another life, and the account we were to give to him who commanded all the hosts of heaven and earth, and the fatal consequences to the wicked.

"Lastly, he spoke of that event which is to take place to-morrow, and called upon us all to pray for our deluded comrades, that they may be prepared. He then commended us all to the God of mercy, justice, and judgment; and prayed with us all for forgiveness."

"You do indeed seem to remember all, and I have no doubt you will pray for them all; I am sure I shall. Here comes my mother from the

town ; she has been to pay a Christian visit to poor Nancy Armstrong ; and look, Dan has been with her."

They came in, and, upon Wellington's return, young Hewitt opened the Bible, and read them a chapter, and the evening was passed in conversation suitable to the coming day.

Poor Nancy Armstrong had been deranged, ever since the melancholy event of her brother's ruin. She had met with universal sympathy from all ranks ; she was well attended by men of the best medical skill ; and, though in a state of insanity, she was calm and placid. A broken heart, with a sickly constitution, had been too powerful for the nervous system ; and the young woman was, perhaps, in a happy state of unconsciousness, when the morning of public execution arrived.

It did arrive, and was as unclouded as if it were to usher joy alone into this world of anxiety.

At ten o'clock all the regiments received orders to prepare for marching. No drum was heard to

give the signal, but messengers passed to and fro carrying their officer's orders to the troops. All the soldiers of the garrison turned out in silence. The bands of the different regiments were commanded not to play, though they took their stations as if going to parade.

No funeral procession ever moved in such slow and measured time as they did on their way to Mill Hill, the appointed place of execution. Each soldier looked down, instead of forward, as he marched along, and not a sound could be heard but the very slowly-measured tramp of well-trained feet, as they ascended the side of the hill. Every officer was at his post. As the regiments arrived on the flat ground near the old Moorish ruins, they were formed into one vast square, with one side, near the ruins, blank. Towards the centre of the square were two posts, with one cross bar, against which rested twelve rifles, six on one side, six on the other. Near the centre of the blank side of the square was a large grave, newly opened, and capable of holding the ten bodies of the deserters.

The men were all drawn up in regular order of attention ; the General and his staff at the head of the square.

The Provost-Marshal was seen in earnest conversation with the Governor, and the troops remained stationary, and in dead silence, for nearly half an hour.

At length a single beat of a drum was heard, which was repeated once every minute, and the prisoners were seen descending along the high road from their rocky dungeons to the place of execution.

All the soldiers watched them as they came. The solemn drum, speaking the death-knell of the criminal, told the mournful tragedy which was now to be performed. They arrived at the appointed place, and saw their own grave open before their eyes. The priests of their different persuasions accompanied them to the fatal spot, the respected chaplain of the forces also being with them. The prisoners descended, two and two. Dreadfully did they all look, their

faces being more like those of corpses than of living men. A paleness, indeed, was visible in the countenances of the whole body of troops then assembled. And well might even warriors turn pale, at seeing ten young men, in the vigour of manhood, about to be cut off in a moment. He must be made of iron who could witness unmoved such a melancholy sight. There were some soldiers present whose limbs never trembled in the day of battle, that were compelled to retire from the ranks, and rest themselves upon the earth to prevent their fainting ; and it was no disgrace to young Hewitt, whose position was near the end of the north side of the square, to find that he required the support of the Drum-Major of his regiment, to witness the scene. He saw it, and could hear what was said ; and it is from his record of the event that this narrative is transcribed.

The Provost-Marshal read the sentence aloud ; twelve men of the Rifle Brigade were then ordered up to the guns. The command was given that the prisoners were to be shot two at a time. Six soldiers

were to fire at each man. The guns had been previously loaded; only two in each six had ball cartridges in them, and none knew which they were. All, of course, had to take the best aim.

Two of those supposed to be the ringleaders were the first ordered for execution; one a Protestant, one a Roman Catholic. They shook hands with their respective ministers, and with their wretched companions. They were then led forward to the prescribed distance from the riflemen, and ordered to kneel down. They did so. A soldier then tied a handkerchief round one man's eyes, but the other exclaimed:

“Blind me not; let me look up as long as I can.”

He would not submit to be blindfolded, but knelt and looked up to heaven, his fine pale countenance presenting a perfect picture of manly resignation. The tears fell from his eyes as the Provost-Marshal gave the word of command—“Fire!”—and both were instantaneously dead.

Did not many a tear start from the eyes of those

brave fellows who witnessed the scene? A soldier feels as much as a civilian, and it would be a false record which stated that even veterans did not weep. Dan Long, though he had nearly met his death by one of the deserters, wept as if he had seen his own brother shot.

All eyes were now turned to the Provost-Marshall, who was expected to pronounce the names of the next two culprits who were to suffer; but what was the surprise of every soldier, at hearing him read the following proclamation;

“ Soldiers, you have been condemned justly as deserters, and have seen the execution carried into effect upon the bodies of your ringleaders; hear now the gracious pardon of the Governor. In the hope that justice has been answered, and that you will never again be guilty of such another crime, you are spared from death, and are restored to your respective duties. Go, repent, and live.”

Description must fail in the attempt to pourtray the feelings of those lately despairing men. Some threw themselves flat on the ground for joy, not

knowing what they did. They embraced one another; they kissed each other; they went down on their knees, and sent up hallelujahs to the God of mercy. One poor fellow stood stock still, absolutely petrified almost to idiocy, and could not be persuaded, even by the Chaplain, that he was pardoned, and was to live. All wept, and surely, if angels joy in heaven over the souls of returning penitents, men may rejoice on earth, when they see mercy extended to their fellow-creatures.

It was indeed a most pathetic, and at the same time consoling sight, to witness the outpourings of hearts overflowing with gratitude. Blessed Spirits ! overcharged with benevolence, weeping for the joy of doing good, and, at the same time, giving thanks to the Great Author and Fountain of all mercies, your hearts only can conceive the joyful feelings which then, in the midst of sorrow, animated the countenances of those, who both shewed and received mercy and pity ! No pen can do it justice. It was indeed a heavenly sight, never to be forgotten. The

poor fellows returned to barracks, and received the congratulations of their former companions.

It was strange to mark the different manners of those men afterwards. But the soldiers were all marched in funeral procession, past the dead bodies of the deserters, and were then dismissed to their respective quarters. A general joy diffused itself throughout the garrison and the town, and curiosity was stirring, to become acquainted with the men who were pardoned.

Dan Long was amongst the merriest in the barracks that day, notwithstanding his ugly wound. He sincerely rejoiced in the escape of his brother soldiers from an ignominious death.

He and young Hewitt were at Wellington's cot, rejoicing over the termination of the melancholy business of the day, when they were suddenly startled by some sharp firing in the bay. The murmur of voices came along the gale, and it seemed as if half the population of the town and garrison were coming up to the cot.

It is wonderful what a singular effect the mur-

mur of human voices on a still day, has upon the ear : like the sounds of the *Æolian* harp, they come one while in plaintive melancholy chords, and again burst out into wilder strains. Dan's musical ear paused to catch the commotion of voices, and young Hewitt called to Mary Anne Wellington, to come with him up the Rock. She was not long in obeying the call, for hundreds of people were hastening past, and all they could learn was, that there was an action in the bay.

Spectators of all nations, assembled on the heights of the Rock. Portuguese, Jews, Spaniards, Genoese, Frenchmen, Moors from the coast of Africa ; in short, people of almost every nation and clime, were scrambling up the Rock, to see the then distant sea-fight. The atmosphere was perfectly clear, and, without the aid of telescopes, they could see the action as plainly as if close to it.

“ It is the *Speedy* gun-brig,” exclaimed an officer of the harbour. “ She has been out for a cruize, and is returning with two merchantmen under convoy. Oh ! that we had one of our men-of-war in the bay !”

It happened, unfortunately, that they had all been recently ordered from Gibraltar, to join the squadron under Nelson, in search of the French fleet in the Mediterranean, and there was not one, at that time, to defend our straits. The Spaniards had been watching for some opportunity to take advantage of the absence of our ships ; and, when they saw the *Speedy*, with her convoy, they thought it a good time to give us an idea of their courage.

The poor English ship was quite becalmed, about three miles north-east of Europa Point, and she could not, by any efforts of her men, reach the protection of our guns. Had the application of steam power been then known, she would soon have received succour. As it was not, all she could do was, to fight it out against a superior force. The Spaniards were determined to take both the brig and the merchantmen she guarded ; and, to accomplish this purpose, fifteen gun-boats, with three large privateers, went pompously out to the attack. The gun-boats rowed completely round the brig, and for the space of a whole hour, kept up an incessant

fire of round and grape shot. The privateers went three different times almost within hail of the brig, with the intention, as it was supposed by the spectators on the Rock, to board her: but whether they could not, or dared not, it was impossible to decide; but certainly they did not. Still the brave brig, though with fearful odds against her, would not strike her colours, but defended herself and her convoy with the greatest dexterity and determination.

The spectators, who looked on with the utmost interest and anxiety, expected nothing less than to see them taken, and carried triumphantly into the Spanish port. It was something like a shoal of sharks, or sword-fish, attacking a poor wounded whale. Each of these gun-boats had a twenty-four pounder in her bows; but they were very badly manned.

“Poor fellows!” said Mary Anne to Hewitt, “they must give in; every one will be killed if they do not.”

“I wish we had any help for them; if we had but

one ship, the wind, what little there is, would carry her directly to them."

There was, at that period, one frigate belonging to Gibraltar, but she was in the Mole Dock, undergoing repair, and nearly dismantled. No one thought of her venturing out to their assistance. But what will not British seamen do, for a ship in distress ! Every sailor lent a hand ; every carpenter, engineer, and workman, put his shoulder to the wheel, and the frigate, which, but one short hour before, would have been considered unfit for service at least for a fortnight, was rigged and manned for the daring exploit.

The fire of the surrounded brig began to slacken, and the hearts of the spectators to sink with sorrow for the brave Britons on board her ; when, to their great delight and satisfaction, the frigate from the Mole made her appearance upon the waters. Such a burst of joy, such a deafening shout of approbation, rang from that assembled multitude of all nations, that the Spaniards actually paused in their attack, as the sound was borne upon the

ocean. As if God heard and replied to the prayer of the weaker party, a lively breeze sprang up, and the frigate, with her gallant colours streaming, dashed proudly on to the rescue. One shout on board replied to their cheering hurrah ! and nobly, nobly, did the brave ship steer on her happy course.

What a change now came over the spectators, like hope springing up from despair ! The wings of succour were expanded ; the favouring gale carried the friend forward, and an evident dismay seemed to fall upon the Spaniards. Ten minutes before, they were exulting with the thought of their prize, and now they were only intent upon their escape.

A British frigate is a formidable enemy to any number of gun-boats. Down she dashed upon them, sending her thunder and lightning against them in terror. She swept her bows clean over two of the boats, and sent them to the bottom. Others she swamped, and gallantly she took the three crest-fallen privateers. Only three gun-boats reached the Spanish shore ; whilst the tough

Speedy and her gallant crew, defended by the noble frigate, brought her convoy safely under the guns of Gibraltar.

“Hurrah for Old England!” was the exclamation of every loyal heart; and the soldier’s daughter returned to the cot, with Hewitt, to talk over British prowess, and to be thankful that a day, begun in the sorrow of a military execution, should end in the joy of a naval victory.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE DISCOVERY.

YOUNG HEWITT, though with such humble instructors as Dan Long and other musicians, contrived to make good use of his time, and to improve himself greatly in the science of music ; so much so, indeed, that he attracted the attention of his commanding officer, and was frequently invited and permitted to attend musical parties at Gibraltar. His was truly a genius that could improve by itself, without the aid of masters. Whatever he determined to make himself master of, his perseverance, combined with great ability, always conquered all its difficulties ; and Thomas Hewitt became comparatively

as celebrated in his regiment and in the places where his regiment was quartered, as Paganini, Lindley, or Dragonetti, in the grand concerts of England, or any individual who ever played a solo before the most refined audience.

But Thomas Hewitt was an humble man, never elated beyond that truly gratifying feeling which genius always experiences in the praises of superior rank, and, at the same time, superior appreciation of true talent. Never did Thomas Hewitt, in the course of his whole life, step out of his line, to seek to raise himself by pride, above his station. To say that he was not flattered and pleased by the attentions paid him on account of his talents, would be false; but to say that the man ever thought less of another, or behaved to him with contempt because superior to him in talent, would be equally false.

He and Dan, and several of the band, used frequently to enliven Wellington Cot with their practice; and Dan, the drum-major, the first instructor, and indeed, the first enlister of the young

musician, began to pay him the homage due to superiority, when he saw how readily and how cleverly he succeeded in bringing all the band into the first-rate culture of their profession. Hewitt was invited to the Governor's soirées, and was engaged in teaching many young persons the theory of music, with which he had made himself intimately acquainted. These things brought no small addition to his means ; and the miserable-looking recruit who had landed in such woful plight on that barren Rock, found himself, in the space of a few months, instead of being a pauper or a debtor, a man of sufficient substance to forward much of his savings to his poor, disconsolate mother. Piety will always, one day or another, be rewarded ; if not with vast prosperity in this life, with what are far better, inward satisfaction and inexpressible comfort. He is always a great man, be he who he will, who regards his parents' sufferings more than his own.

But a change came over the friends of the Rock, who were luxuriating in each other's society, by an

order for the 48th and 18th Regiments to embark for Egypt. In March, 1800, the 5th Regiment arrived at the Rock from England, and was encamped on the southern part of the Rock, while the 48th had to move out of the South Bastion Barracks to the Artificers' Parade. This did not prevent the friendship which had begun between the family of Wellington and young Hewitt's regiment, at so destitute a moment, continuing through prosperous as well as adverse circumstances. Friends must part, be they who they will, and in those stirring times the warmest feelings suffered the keenest anxieties, and not the less so from the frequent occurrence of the same event, awakening alternately the same sensations in the whole community.

As may be supposed, these humble companions on the Rock of Gibraltar did not separate without many previous visits and honest good wishes. It was known that a hot campaign might be expected in Egypt, that Bonaparte had great ideas of destroying all our influence in that quarter, and of reaching our Indian possessions by the Red Sea.

He had removed his army towards that part of the globe, and had resolved that Asia should become the new field of his exploits.

Young Hewitt soon found his own mistake, in imagining that his service was to be confined to Europe. He had to serve his King and country in any quarter of the globe to which his regiment might be ordered. The 48th was never a condemned regiment. It was always a loyal and steady friend to its country, and, as we shall frequently see in this narrative, had as much hard fighting as any regiment in the Peninsular War.

The 11th of May, 1800, was the day appointed for the embarking of these two regiments for the Island of Minorca, to be in readiness to move towards the wider field of their ultimate destination. Two regiments of the Fencibles had previously arrived to relieve them. Our gallant young soldier came, on the morning of the 11th of May, to bid his kind friends farewell. True friendship had existed between them all, and true grief at parting was mutually felt.

“I am come to bid you good bye, Wellington,”

said Hewitt. "Let me be burning under the torrid zone, or ascending the pyramids, or working up the Nile, I shall never forget your kindness, and that of your wife and daughter, to a poor destitute fifer of his Majesty's 48th. God bless you all!"

"God bless you, my boy!" said Wellington. "You are going to warm and sharp work; but I have a sweet hope that I shall see you again at the Rock."

"My faith does not desert me. I believe that I shall come again. But, if I do not, such has been your goodness to me, that I beg you will take care of this my last will and testament, and open it only when you hear of some casualty having happened to me. I have herein desired, that whatever my kit may be worth, whatever I may die possessed of, either in the shape of pay or possession, may be transmitted to you; one moiety thereof to be given to my mother, and the other moiety to be kept by yourself. And so now, good bye."

The young girl stood by the window in tears; she did not attempt to disguise her simple, unaf-

fected grief. She gave full vent to her sorrows, and did not hesitate to say: "Father, we shall never know such another companion as this."

"Oh do not despair, my maiden," said Hewitt; "do not despair. You yourself have taught me the same doctrine, young as you are; and now, believe me, I preach the same to you, hoping that you will put it into full practice. I shall often play myself a solitary tune; and when I do so, Mary Anne, I shall reflect upon you, your mother, and your father, the old Rock of Gibraltar, and the events which have occurred upon it since I arrived. Do not despair for me, and I will never cease to pray for you all."

"And I shall do so for your regiment, and most especially for the Drum-Major and for you, Hewitt, that I may see you land again at the old Mole from which you are now about to take your departure. Will you, indeed, think of me?"

"Indeed I will!—do not despair! If you wish me not to forget you, you must let me cut a lock from your hair, and keep it as a memorial of you."

"You shall have one, brave boy!" said the mother; "and proud should I be of as good a chap as yourself, should he ever visit my child as an affianced lover! She is too young to think of such things now; and you must be a veteran in the army, before you dream of retirement."

Mrs. Wellington separated a brown lock from the head of her child, and gave it to the young musician, who placed it carefully under his belt and extended his honest hand to the simple child.

"Come, Mary Anne, do not weep!"

But she did weep, and she could not help weeping; and the more he told her not to weep, the more unable was she to restrain her tears.

"Should any letters arrive at the Rock for me, take this written letter to the authorities, and it will shew that you are authorized to receive them for me. Should I die—then you must answer them for me: should I live, why then I shall see you and my young companion again, and I shall be able to answer them myself."

The friends all went to the Mole together. The

regiments embarked on board the Negroe frigate, and sailed out of the bay, amidst the farewells, good wishes, and waving hands and handkerchiefs of friends, whom many of them were then leaving for ever. Melancholy, for awhile, were the warm friends of Dan and Hewitt. Out of sight, but in this case not out of mind, scarcely a day passed away, but they thought of them; and, when ships arrived from the east, they were anxious to hear tidings of the war, and of their friends engaged in it.

Dan and Hewitt, equally cherished their regard for Wellington, and on every opportunity, when vessels were bound to Gibraltar, did they send intelligence of themselves and of their movements. These letters, though written by so humble an individual as Hewitt, were replete with traits of genius, which would surprise and entertain many a soldier, as well as civilian, of any rank. It would swell this work beyond the contemplated bounds of the life of Mary Anne Wellington, to introduce them here, though one from

Dan Long is so characteristic of the man, that it must be transcribed.

Island of Minorca,

June 4th. 1800.

“ Mr. and Mrs. Wellington,

“ It is our good King's birthday, and we have all been playing “God save the King,” in such glorious style, that you would have rejoiced to hear us. We had a good passage here; were only five days on board, in sailing to this harbour; but we were detained two days before we landed. We were marched, on landing, to the Glacis of Fort St. George, and here we met with two battalions of the 17th Regiment, and the 8th King's Own. Young Hewitt has not been well since he landed; indeed all the regiment almost, excepting myself, have been attacked with the scarlet fever, but yet we have lost but one man. I went through the whole West Indian campaign, and never had any fever. We are here only as in a place of convenient rendezvous for our future movements.

Hewitt says, when he gets well, if I will let him, he will write to you all three. He has done nothing but practise himself upon one theme since he left Gibraltar, and that is the praise of yourselves, and your daughter. His notes all seem to be wrong. He is making false pauses in the quickest movements, and running on at random when he ought to be performing a slow passage: I cannot make him keep time at all! In short, I think of getting him discharged, and sent to Gibraltar, that he may regain his music; for whether it be the air of Minorca, or the want of the stimulus of Gibraltar, I do not know what to make of him. Tell your daughter I shall put him in a drum-case, and send him home to her guidance and protection. I will write to you again from Egypt; so keep up your spirits, and believe me,

“Your old friend,

“DAN LONG.”

D. M. 48th Regiment.

It must be confessed, that young Hewitt could

not divert his mind or his heart, from the young maiden who first led his steps up the Rock of Gibraltar. He never forgot her youthful kindness, and the young man felt that she was not the less worthy because she noticed him in the day of his utmost adversity. If kind to him when clad in his drum-case, he felt that she had been equally so when he was surrounded by ladies and gentlemen, admiring his execution upon the clarionet; and his heart now told him, when separated from her, she had more hold upon his feelings than he was ever before aware of. He became in some measure, abstracted, and talked a little more to Dan upon the subject of Mary Anne Wellington than he would otherwise have done, and thus laid himself open to his warm little friend's railleries.

"What are you sighing about, young Harmony?" said Dan to him one day, as he sat upon the broken shaft of an anchor, watching the waves of the Mediterranean dashing on the beach of the Island of Minorca. "You look more like the

leader of a ‘a forlorn hope’ for the morrow, than the bright hope of the present day. Come—come, Hewitt, if you must sigh, breathe through your clarionet, and tell the winds and waves that you love Mary Anne Wellington. Out with some grand soliloquy to the Maid of the Rock. I wonder, with all your scribbling, you have not written a poem upon a Drum-case! Come, my hearty, cheer up, and let us take a walk, instead of sitting here upon a broken anchor, which gives you but poor hope.”

Thus roused, the young man rose, and strolled along with the brave Dan, though he did not seem disposed to be very talkative. Minorca is a flat island, with but one elevation, near the centre of it, called Mount Toro. The friends walked towards Cape Mola, to the northward of the entrance of Port Mahon. They ascended the side of the rock, near the Signal Tower, and thence bent their way inward. They met parties of boys sling stones, with wonderful dexterity, at the sea-birds ; and the Drum-Major and his friend

were astonished at the success with which they could hit a mark, even beyond the range of an ordinary gun. They laughed heartily, did those youngsters, at the awkward efforts of Dan to sling at a mark; but, when he pulled out his fife and gave them a tune, they all stood gaping, with as much pleasure as boys do at hearing an Italian player in the streets of London.

Young Hewitt strolled along with Dan, and let him into the secret of his heart. Not that there was any great secret therein, for Dan was very knowing about his friend, and could almost tell him as much as he knew about himself.

" You don't consider," said Dan, " she is but a child of thirteen. She cannot have any serious idea of you for a husband; nor ought you, a young fellow with so much to do in the world, to be thinking so pensively and foolishly about a fancy which can only last for a season, and will change with the next impression. I cannot bear to see a young fellow like you downhearted and spiritless, because you happen to have met with kind friends

at Gibraltar. You will make yourself a laughing-stock among your comrades if you go on in this abstracted, melancholy humour."

"I confess, Dan, there is much good sense in your speech. I certainly do feel a little out of tune, and I confess that my musical brain has been a little disturbed with discords of late. I cannot forget the little maid ; and, though I love her as I would a sister, yet she often seems present to me, and looks as sorrowful as I do."

"Pooh—pooh ! All fancy—all fancy. I tell you, my boy, you may have a very grateful feeling towards your kind friends on the Rock, but do not let any one fancy they have made a discovery of a new world in your heart. Cheer up, and resume your former sprightliness."

It was well for Hewitt that he had such a Mentor as Dan Long. It did him much good ; and, though he might occasionally think that he was too hard upon him in his remarks, yet he saw that he meant well, and, therefore, took in good part all he said.

Our young friend upon the Rock, the tall Mary

Anne Wellington, was in a much worse way than the youth Hewitt. She felt severely the loss of her first friend, instructor, and, as she innocently called him, her affianced husband. She used frequently to spend hours with her poor friend, Nancy Armstrong, as she gradually recovered the use of her faculties, and was restored to usefulness.

“Why are you so thin, dear child?” said Nancy to her one day. “You look a mere shadow of your former self. You are so pale—so ghastly at times, that I really am afraid you out-grow your strength.”

“I am very well in health,” sighed the child, “very well; but I don’t know what it is, ever since the 48th left the Rock, I have felt so very low-spirited. It seems to me that half the liveliness of the garrison is gone; and father and mother keep constantly rousing me, and telling me I am so dull and stupid. I never used to be so; but I certainly feel very heavy.”

“You are at an age, when you require much nourishing food; and growing so fast, perhaps,

enfeebles your constitution. I hope you will soon be better."

"The worst of it is, I have no appetite. Mother has sometimes obtained a delicate morsel for me, but I do not seem to relish it."

The fact was literally so, that these good parents began to be alarmed at the state of their child's health ; and the mother (who is quicker in divining our tenderest thoughts than a mother ?) made a discovery, which though, perhaps, a very simple one, was not the less interesting on the very account of its simplicity.

"My child," she said one day, "I cannot think what is the matter with you. You tell me you have no pain any where, that you feel well, but low ; and yet you eat nothing, say nothing, and can do nothing. You look so languid, and have such pale lips, and lose all your colour, agility, and spirit ! My dear child, I shall insist upon your coming to Doctor Stevenson's with me."

"And what good can the doctor do for me, mother ? I cannot tell him what is the matter with

me, any more than you can. All I know is, that when Dan Long, young Hewitt, and the 48th Regiment were here, I never had any of these feelings about me, and I really think, if they were back again, I should be quite well."

"I hope you will be well before that time. Consider, it may be years before they come here again!"

"Do you think, dear mother, they will come again, some time or other? Shall I see them again? Oh! I should like to see young Hewitt again!"

Here was the discovery! Mrs. Wellington looked at her child, with all the tenderness of a warm heart, and with no little astonishment. Is it possible, thought she, that a mere child can imbibe such deep-rooted affection, at so early an age, as to make her lose, as it were, her very life? She determined to discover the truth. "Oh! yes," she said, she should not be surprised if the regiment were to be again quartered on this spot; perhaps sooner than we expect."

In an instant, the eye of the child brightened up; as she exclaimed :

“ Oh ! mother, how glad I should be ! I think I should skip up the Rock like a monkey if I saw young Hewitt landing again. I think it would make me quite well.”

“ Well, my dear, I hope you will begin soon to pick up your looks ; for, if he were to see you as you have been for the last three months, he would think very differently of you from what he has done. He used always to be praising your sprightliness, your readiness, cheerfulness, and activity. He would see you the reverse of these things now.”

“ I do not think he would see me so long ; for if he were here, I should very soon regain my spirits. He is a very good young man, is he not, mother ?”

“ Yes, my dear, he is. Your father likes him very much, and so do I, and I am sure you do, my dear.”

“ That I do, indeed, mother, that I do; for, almost every night, I find I cannot help crying, and when

I think what it is for, I find it is because I can no longer see young Hewitt."

" Well, my dear, we must hope in God that we shall soon meet again. We have heard of him, from Dan Long, and he has not been well since he arrived at Minorca; but he is getting better; and Dan says, he promises to write to us all three.

" And where is that letter, dear mother? and why did you not show it me?"

" Why, my child, because we did not like to say anything about his illness. But you will have a letter from him soon."

" Well, that makes me feel happier, already. I think that will do me good."

The mother had evidently discovered the truth, and, with a fond affection for her child, she spoke as hopefully as she could. She found that the child was indeed the better for this confidence, and wonderfully improved upon it. Oh! tell me, children, boys, or girls, what can be greater happiness than a mother? Whom can ye confide in better? Who can give you better advice in those years, when ye

scarcely know what is best for yourselves ! The secret, though scarcely known in its real meaning to the child, was fully discovered by Mrs. Wellington, and she told her husband the real state of the case.

Not long afterwards, a letter arrived, containing two enclosures—one for Mrs. Wellington, and the other for the Maid of the Rock. The reader, perhaps, would like to see one of those letters at least, as it was the first a young girl received from one, who, through all the dangers of a long life, the hardships of sharp service, and what is more remarkable, through all the days of vanity wherein his talents were most flattered, and he himself was a star of instrumental music, was faithful and true to her. But the writer of this narrative has it not. He would like very much to see it himself ; but, being disappointed, he can only hope that others, if they share his disappointment, will be reconciled to its non-appearance.

Whatever were the contents of it, they had a wonderful power in restoring animation to the child,

and smiles began again to play over her features, her colour to return, and her good parents to rejoice in finding her at length restored to health and cheerfulness.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE RETURN.

**BUONAPARTE** had gained possession of Malta by treachery, and carried away the spoils to Egypt. He had escaped the Lion of England, and spread his eagle's wings before Alexandria. But vengeance was not long in pursuing him. His great projects in the East failed. His fleet was destroyed in the bay of Aboukir ; but the ambitious General escaped to France, subverted the constitution under which he had been acting, and raised himself to the dignity of First Consul of the republic.

In vain he proposed peace to Great Britain. Our government was alive to the principles upon which

he sought to establish his power ; and, well knowing that faith was not likely to be kept by the usurper, they would not then listen to his proposals.

Our young heroine upon the Rock of Gibraltar, regained her usual strength and activity of mind and body. Interested, she could not fail to be, in everything which concerned Egypt, as her friend Hewitt, in the following year, wrote her a long and circumstantial account of the battle of Aboukir, in which he was engaged, on the 8th of March, 1801, and of the battle of Alexandria on the 13th. She was much more interested, however, the following year, when the Peace of Amiens was signed; and the 48th were again expected, and arrived, at Gibraltar.

Previously to their arrival, Mary Anne had the gratification of seeing her friend, Nancy Armstrong, married to a respectable young man in the Artillery, and was herself the happy bridesmaid upon the occasion. Her husband, James Bell, was a friend of Wellington's, and in the same company with the latter. They were afterwards most intimate friends.

It was Anne Bell, or Nancy, as she was called, that carried up the news to Wellington Cot.

“I bring you good tidings, Mrs. Wellington! I hear the 48th and other regiments are in the bay, and will land this very afternoon.”

“Joy come along with them!” exclaimed the happy child. “I must run down to the Mole, mother, and greet them.”

Unlike their first arrival at the Rock, the regiment came crowned with honours. Dan was there, and being first in rank, as drum-major, had the honour of being first to salute the young Maid of the Rock, which he did, declaring that Hewitt was coming ashore in his drum-case.

He came ashore, and was astonished to see the child he had left two years before. She was now rising rapidly into womanhood, and there was something so different from her former childhood, that the young man felt he could no longer look upon her as he had used to do. Neither could she fail to acknowledge that she herself felt in his company an unexpected distance and diffi-

dence, which she had never before experienced. But frankness was Hewitt's characteristic, and soon after muster, he moved with his delighted companions up to that cottage to which his mind had incessantly reverted, through all his dangers, and which was now before him with all its realities. Mutual joy was spread among these former friends, and they were all thankful to the God of Battles, as well as the God of Peace, who had preserved them all to meet again upon the Rock of Gibraltar.

“Are there any letters for me?” was one of the first inquiries of young Hewitt.

“Yes, there are. They are here, and you shall have them in a moment.”

They know but little of the sweet hopes of life, who have not felt the joy of a fond mother's letters. To see the hand-writing is a blessing, but to read the contents after years of separation, oh! gentle reader, I will not attempt to describe the delight! May such be often yours if separated from such a dear friend. The poor fellow's tears were seen to roll down his cheeks, as his friends exclaimed: “We hope all is well!”

"I will tell you all by and by, but not now; my dear mother lives! Let that suffice. She desires to be remembered to you, Dan Long."

"And does she so, Hewitt? for what? For taking you from her, and teaching you harmony, at the expense of family discord? Well, it's the first time I have ever been remembered for so kind an act! Wellington, how have you fared upon the Rock, since we left you? No more deserters, I hope?"

"One or two solitary instances, but no such formidable one as you remember. We have managed to keep ourselves in tolerable good plight, notwithstanding a little hard living, on account of the scarcity of provisions. The only news I can tell you is, we have had changes of governors and regiments, and some changes of condition amongst us. You remember the poor girl who was so distracted at her brother's death! She is married to my young comrade, Bell, and is happily restored to her perfect senses."

"Thank God for that! for I loved the poor girl, and I wish her many years of happiness. I am

quite surprised to see your daughter so grown. She out-tops her mother."

"We had serious fears at one time that we should lose her. She grew so fast!—But she is now growing equally robust. You seldom see a girl at fifteen attain so much of the appearance of a woman. You shall all of you have a luxury this evening after your voyage—a cup of tea. They do say that the water at Gibraltar, though sometimes so unwholesome, is the best out of China for the tea-pot."

It is a luxury to a soldier, after a long sea-voyage, to be comfortably seated with friends, in a snug cottage, over a good cup of tea. And merry little Dan enjoyed the society of his friends with as much real comfort as do those in more polished circles; though the tin tea-kettle on the fire was substituted for the hissing urn, which used to be the signal for family comfort in every well regulated house in England.

"I am anxious to hear about your letters, Hewitt! You look so very earnest and grave at me," said Mary Anne, "that I fear all is not well with your friends at home."

“Home!” said Hewitt, “home!—I have been so constantly dreaming of this place as my home, that I had really forgotten the associations of childhood, in the pleasures of our present friendship.”

“Well, I am glad of it, and now you are at home, I want you to tell me of your distant friends—I am curious to know more of them.”

Whence this curiosity, the reader may in all probability surmise. What more natural than that a young girl should wish to know more particulars of the friends of one in whom she had been so interested. The fancies of youth are very vivid; the imagination is so lively, and hope is so sweet, that if a child be without these cheerful companions, there must be something unnatural in her constitution. But Mary Anne’s cheerfulness was a little damped as her curiosity was gratified.

“I have nothing very pleasant to communicate. One thing I am glad to tell you, that the money which your father got forwarded for me to my mother, arrived in safety at the good old landlady’s in the city of Norwich, and was safely delivered to my poor mother. Half her letter is full of bless-

ings upon my head for my thought of her, and full of fears lest I should rob myself to do her good. Poor soul! she will harp upon her sins, which she says are visited upon her severely, but no more than she deserves. It is a beautiful letter, and I would rather you should all read it privately to yourselves, though it would do good to many young thoughtless persons in the world, if it were more generally known: but I cannot read aloud my mother's letter. Take it, Mrs. Wellington, and let your daughter see it, if you please."

"O yes, mother, let me see it—but you say all is well, and yet you do not look as if all was well."

"My dear maiden, all is well, that is of God's appointment: God's will be done! must be the reflection of every one who thinks upon the changes and chances of this mortal life. Two or three years ago, and Hingham was as a bright vision in my young eye, though crowded with many clouds; but I cannot think of my young companions without regret. A violent epidemic fever has been raging

throughout the district. My aunt's husband has been nearly carried off by it, and two of the girls, and the two boys, still lie insensible, and are not likely to recover!"

"How glad I am, and how glad you ought to be," interrupted the maiden, "that you were not there!"

"Well, I am glad, as far perhaps as it regards myself, and can now see the providential hand of God in my preservation from dangers there, as well as from those of war in this part of the world. Indeed, my dear mother consoles herself under the very same impression, and expresses the same in her homely, humble way. She congratulates herself on my loss, and says she finds now her gain therein. Still I cannot help thinking of Wright, too."

"I suppose," said Dan, "you think of him much as many a refractory young soldier will think of me when I am gone—as a cruel old fellow, who had to stand by and see him punished for his folly."

"No, Dan, I think of him in another light, I

forget his cruelty to me! I quite forgive it, and have long since done so; but I think of his violent words, his oaths and imprecations, his dreadful treatment of me; and it fills me with fearfulness for the account which he must give when we all meet again hereafter."

"Let us hope he repents, perhaps he does!"

"God grant he may, and that he may be forgiven, but mother does not say one word of such a thing, and it is on that account that I tremble."

The reader may imagine that this strain of sensible observation was unnatural in a young soldier, then entering upon a course of warfare, but, if singular, it is still perfectly consonant with the character of the man, whose career was afterwards as conspicuous for piety, as was that of the heroine of this narrative. Good education produces as good fruit among the soldiers of this Christian land, as among any other class of subjects in the British dominions. Thoughts concerning futurity are not confined to the Universities, or to the secluded children of a country parish Sunday school; though,

God be praised ! the influence of his Word is producing peace and charity wherever it is sincerely cultivated ; and, in the army and navy, men are much more thoughtful of those things which make for their everlasting peace than they used to be.

The young man's reflections did not lessen him in the opinion of any present, but rather confirmed him in their estimation.

Hewitt was an instance of intelligence and steadiness, and an example of a religious youth, which was productive of much good in after years, and if the Maiden of the Rock had not quite so much learning and talent as himself, she had sufficient sagacity to perceive and respect his superiority. Without such an estimation of the friend we respect, our love will not be very abiding.

It would be instructive to trace the gradual growth of improvement, in this young man's course ; and, as it must be so connected with the career of our heroine, it will often be reflected in the conduct of one who became his companion through years of unprecedented difficulties.

But we must not jump too rapidly to conclusions, lest we leave out the proofs by which our problems are supported. A young man of quick parts may, in a moment, see the results of a question put to him, and set down the answer immediately ; but he who would be esteemed correct in his judgment, must shew the steps by which he arrives at the answer. Assertion is a thing in which many fools are positive : but to prove the truth of an assertion, is what many a wise man finds much labour and difficulty in doing.

So, reader, we know well, that Buonaparte was subdued, and confined on the Rock of St. Helena, but it was not done in a day or a year : it was not done by one brilliant exploit, or even by one nation : God did it, we know, but He employed many instruments to bring about the humbling of that man's pride ! Alas ! thousands—millions of steps forward, did it take to overturn that gigantic monster of Infidelity. We shall see some of the steps in the course of this narrative ; and, whoever may be its reader, will find, upon self-examination, that if he

be ever so good a man, he has not arrived at his sweet place of rest and contentment without many hard-fought battles with himself, many a discovery of merciful and providential escapes, and at last, a full conviction that he has attained no glory of himself, but that his God alone has given him the victory.

Many, many a day, many a week passed, ay many a month, in the uninterrupted exchange of friendship between the old soldiers and the young companions on the Rock of Gibraltar. A free passage was now obtained into Spain, and every day parties were formed to visit the Peninsula, and to enjoy the freedom of a wide range beyond the lines of demarcation in the times of war.

“Let’s all have a trip,” said Dan, upon one occasion. “What say you, my young friend? San Roque will do us all good. He was a noble physician; and, in commemoration of his sanatory cordon, I suppose, San Roque is built to keep us all in health. What say you, Wellington, to a look at the Dons. Old Gib here has worn a grim face for a long time,

and begins to smile again. His teeth are no longer black with powder, but he looks down upon the Campo with them all in his head, as clean as young Hewitt's when he comes out to morning parade  
Who's for a ramble?"

"I am," and "I am," and "I am," and we all are, some time or other in our lives. And who has forgotten the enjoyment of an innocent trip in the days of his youth, when love and hope in the morning rose as bright as the sun, and spoke only of an unclouded day!

The party consisted of Wellington, his wife, and daughter, Dan and his friend Hewitt, Bell and his wife, and Isaac Arberry, a friend of Hewitt's, who was much of the same spirit, though with a little more warmth in his composition, and who used to be continually putting Hewitt upon his mettle by joking him about Mary Anne.

This party obtained leave of absence, and passports to the Spanish main. Wellington was the conductor, and so well acquainted was he with the different spots along the narrow strip of neutral ground, that he often delayed his friends, to shew the points he

had aimed at from the galleries on the Rock. Youth does not require a jolting vehicle for enjoyment, when the limbs are inured to toil and able to perform their office: San Roque was only six miles distant, and what was that to any of the party! The road was not then macadamized, as it now is, but was sandy and full of impediments, arising from the effects of war. The noble fortifications were not destroyed, but gave to view a face which looked so formidable that the travellers were glad they could pass it without interruption.

They passed by the Spanish sentinels, who exhibited in their tall, thin, long and stately forms, with their yellow gaiters, and their toes peeping out of their shoes, a certain proof that no great attention had been paid to their *understandings*.

“I wonder those fine stately fellows make as good soldiers as they do, when they seem but half clothed and half fed,” observed Hewitt.

“And were not you once worse, to all appearance, than that brave sentinel,” said the soldier’s daughter. “You have not forgotten the drum-case?”

“No, and neither have I forgotten your kind-

ness; and the remark you now make, only shews your kind judgment even of one who was a foe. Time was, when his bold ancestors occupied the Rock we have left; and I believe that even now there is not an inhabitant of St. Roque, but looks with longing gaze upon the Rock of Gibraltar."

"Ay, ay," said Dan, "but it's only for what he can get out of it. He does not find much coming in from the main-land; but just look at the traffic now passing us in every shape, and tell me if the inhabitants of St. Roque do not look more for the gold of England, than for the Rock itself?"

Numerous pleasure-seeking travellers passed along: young sailors mounted on crop-tailed nags dashed past, accompanied by bull-dogs, and curs of all kinds; sportsmen, for a ramble after woodcocks, snipes, partridges or any thing they could get, in season or not so; families, wending their way with their whole households, to live at a cheaper rate than they could do in the garrison—officers and privates—jews and gentiles of every denomination, might be seen passing and repassing the once formidable

lines. The motley groups of priests, beggars, hidalgos, duennas, and wanderers of every kind, formed a spectacle more like the moving figures of a raree-show than the real passage to the Spanish frontier.

Our party enjoyed themselves much, and, with good sense, suffered neither the gaiety of Spanish manners, the inviting taste of their wines, nor the false love of liberty, to seduce them into indulgences beyond the discipline of good soldiers. They spent a day of unmixed pleasure, and returned to their respective dwellings none the worse for their excursion. No particular event occurred to make the visit singular. Dan was in his usual good spirits; Hewitt as full of observation; Mary Anne as happy as the kind regards and attentions of those she loved could make her. Her open countenance, and calm blue eye, afforded a striking contrast to the dark, fiery glances of the Spanish females; and she, the tall, fair Maid of the Rock, was as much a curiosity to the natives of the Spanish main, as were they curiosities to her.

Notwithstanding the accusation of dulness, this chapter must be one of interesting peace and harmony. Stirring events are to come, and if the reader like the excitement of such facts as those perilous times produced, he will have enough to interest him, though in the narrative of the adventures of a female. In the mean time, let him delight, with the soldier's daughter, in a few peaceful scenes, and then let him pity her in her troubles. A day of love, when nothing arises to annoy, is a day of satisfaction. Such was enjoyed by the party who left the Rock of Gibraltar in the morning for St. Roque, and after much interesting research and innocent recreation, returned to barracks and to their cot, thankful to the Giver of all good, for one day of cheerful satisfaction. Reader, may you have many such !

## CHAPTER XII.

## AN INTERESTING EVENT.

ALL the world over, matrimony is considered an interesting event. Whether it be in the cold regions of the north, amidst the tribes of the Esquimaux, or in the torrid regions of Africa, or among the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands—all over the world, honest matrimony is considered an event in which the happiness of states, empires, or individuals is deeply concerned, according to the respective prospects of the happy pairs. From the days of Adam to our own, and indeed to all ages yet to come, even to the dissolution of every state on

earth, matrimony will exist, and be considered in the last days as much an event of interest as it was in the first. Interest may be taken in two senses—worldly, prudential, and calm ; or exciting, animating, and amiable. Judicious and promising matches may be formed under the one, and very strange and extraordinary unions under the other. Both may be considered, at the time, advantageous or disadvantageous, wise or foolish, considerate or inconsiderate, according to the preconceived notions of the friends of the parties contracting or negotiating such affairs.

Thank God, in England matrimony is more equal, more honourable, more honest, and more enduring in affection, in family ties, and in universal estimation, than in any other country under the sun. Love is not discarded. Education brightens domestic affection, and men regard the qualities of mind and disposition reciprocally in the promotion of matrimonial happiness, more than they do the mere possession of Mammon, either in purse, person, or pride. But most of all, thank God, Religion and

not superstition, bears a most powerful and preponderating weight in the scale of domestic felicity. Romantic ardour, blind zeal, mad fervour, poetic folly, warm brains, and heated fancies, may produce here and there incongruous and absurd matches; and, worse still, we may find strange conjunctions, as opposite as the poles, and as adverse as light and darkness, confirmed by those bonds of matrimony which death only can dissolve. There are exceptions to every general rule, and the very notoriety which attends those exceptions proves that they are looked upon as events out of the ordinary course, and therefore something upon which to animadvert.

Generally speaking, throughout dear old England and her dependencies, love, which leads to matrimony, is grounded upon the wise basis of honourable and upright recognition in the sight of all men; an engagement open in the sight of all; the result generally of some previous admiration of the disposition or abilities of the mind, and settled by mutual understanding, and mutual con-

sent of parents, guardians, or friends, previously to the union of the parties.

If there is a sight on earth approaching the first intended wisdom of the Almighty in, thus uniting parties for life, it is when we see an honourably engaged couple—no matter their station, none need be excepted—mutually affianced by choice and inclination, living in the hope of promoting each other's welfare in this perishable world. Dear old England! may God grant you such a blessing among your sons and daughters, as long as he permits the world to stand.

Reader, forgive the writer! you may be some determined old bachelor or virtuous spinster. I do not mean to say you may not look upon this page with perfect philosophic indifference. So much the better for you if you do. Many hundreds of your kind are known, respected, beloved and honoured, not as misanthropes, but as among the most benevolent of the human race. You will forgive the prolixity of this chapter, which if not interesting to you, will nevertheless be attractive to many, who

have not yet quite made up their minds to consider matrimony an uninteresting subject.

“ Hewitt,” said Dan Long, one day to his young friend, who had been practising with him some difficult passage in a new march, “ do you ever seriously intend to marry Mary Anne Wellington ?”

The young man started ; his clarionet, the mouth-piece of which was between his lips, gave such a wild squeak and solemn groan, that even Dan started at the discordant sound.

“ What on earth makes you ask that question just at this moment ?”

“ Because,” said Dan, “ if you don’t play in a little quicker time than you have done lately, you may be left, my boy, to play a solo, without any audience to admire it.”

“ What now, Dan ? What wild flight of discords have you got into your pipes ? Is the music so perfectly got up, already, that we are able to appear in perfect harmony before the public ? I never like to play at sight, Dan, but to let my subject be well considered beforehand. What do you mean by my

being left to play a solo without an audience ? You would not desert me in my performance ?”

“ No, young man, I love you too well to desert you, at any time. But I perceive that young Macdonald has perceptions, and though he is no musician, yet he will play his part very well among the fair sex ; and, if you do not take care, will gain more applause for his performance than you will for yours.”

“ You do not mean to insinuate that he is making his advances to my young friend, and endeavouring to steal her affections away from me ?”

“ I do mean exactly what you say ; and let me tell you, as an old friend, that there is much more meaning in what I say, than you are aware of. I have eyes in my head, and a heart under my ribs, and I know what you are, and what your girl is, and I now tell you that which I should not have told you for years, had I not seen what I have—that it is time for you, if you ever intend to marry, to speak out plainly. I have watched your movements, I

have known your heart long, and I perceive in you a firmness and constancy of attachment, which I should greatly grieve to see disappointed; but I can tell you, others are alive to the personal appearance and good qualities of disposition, in the Maid of the Rock; and if you do not take the advantage to which I consider you entitled, others will—ay and but too soon, I assure you."

" But you do not suppose, Dan, that she has any reason to doubt my earnestness and devotion to her? You do not suppose she has encouraged Macdonald, or any other person? She is so young, that even I, with all my sincere love for her, have not yet ventured to tell her the real state of my heart, and my intentions towards her."

" The more fool you, if you have any real affection for her. I believe she prefers you; I believe she even loves you with the most unaffected, earnest devotion: but, I believe that if you go on as quietly and calmly as you do, and as disinterestedly as you appear to others to do, you will, by your own backwardness, give occasion to others to advance; and

even the dear girl herself, whom I love as well as I do you, will, in time, learn to think that you only regard her as a sister, and never really intend to think of her as your wife."

One would almost imagine, that Dan Long had been as learned in the mysteries of love, as Sir Walter Scott, in his most romantically poetic days. He was, indeed, a man of no common perception, and as true a soldier, and soldier's friend, as ever played at the head of any of His Majesty's Regiments on the day of battle. How true Dan's prognostics were, will immediately be seen, by the tenour of a conversation then actually taking place, between Mrs. Bell, and the very identical maid of whom Dan Long had been so sensibly talking.

"I really do not know whether he loves me or not; I wish I did. But how can I ask him such a question? He appears to be always desirous to please me—pays me many, and very marked attentions, is kind to me upon every occasion, very respectful to my parents, very generous in his disposition, and never seems happier, than when either

instructing me, playing to me, reading to me, walking with me, or talking with me; but he never directly says that he loves me."

" And yet, my dear, I am sure he does. Yes, I am sure he does; but he is too good to press upon you his present and future views. He waits until you grow older, or until you have seen others, so as to be able to distinguish whether you prefer him or not. He is a very honourable young man, and I am quite sure you ought not to consider his silence in this respect as any want of love towards you."

" Well, but when will he tell me plainly that he is in earnest? Because he and his regiment may be ordered off to-morrow, and how am I to know that he will continue to think about me?"

" How? why by the very state of your own heart. I know you already wish yourself engaged to him. You already wish that every one else might know it; because you would not then have the fear of offending any one by your distance, or of being open to importunities which you could not accept."

“ You have hit it exactly, my dear Mrs. Bell ; but I would die before I would reveal this to him ! I own I do love him, and feel as if I could devote my life to serve him ; and more, I should feel very unhappy to be again separated, by the calamities and duties of war, from his society ; but this is known only between you and me. I have not even told my mother these things.”

“ I can give a pretty good guess why you are so anxious upon this interesting subject. Tell me honestly, is it not because young Macdonald has been of late so frequently at your cottage, and has been so anxious to please you ?”

“ Indeed, it is, my dear friend, and do not think the worse of me, because I feel so anxious that Hewitt should put an end to his attentions. He must surely know how much I prefer him.”

“ He shall know it,” said Mrs. Bell to herself, “ or it shall not be my fault. But come, Mary Anne, I do not think another day will pass over your head without a declaration.”

“ Why, Nancy ? What reason have you to suppose so ?”

“ You have given me the best reason in the world to think it, because you yourself are quite prepared for it. And when you have every reason to suppose that he will speak to you, candidly, I do not see why the declaration should not be made before the expiration of another day.”

“ As for that, I see no more reason to expect it to-day or to-morrow than I had months ago. But I hope you will not reveal what I have said; if you do, I shall never forgive you.”

The young girl said this with more sincerity than many have said almost the same thing, whilst in their hearts they most devoutly desired that their sentiments might be made known. Never tell a secret, reader, to any one, if you should chance to know one that is known only to yourself. If you see things which you do not wish to see, do not look at them. If you hear things you do not wish to hear, forget them. And, if any one confides a secret to your keeping, tell him or her at once that you have such a treacherous memory that you cannot promise not to reveal it. Medical men and Lawyers are the only persons privileged to hold secrets in

their hearts, and where they honestly do so for the good of their patients and their clients, they are good and honourable men, and will find it much more to their own profit and happiness than the making a talk about other people's affairs.

Mrs. Bell made no promise; indeed she had so completely made up her mind to rouse the young man's spirit into action, that, had not Dan Long's previous pioneering advance prepared the way, she would have turned all her powers of persuasion at once, against the young soldier.

It was true that young Macdonald, as well as several other youths, had seen Wellington's daughter, and admired her. They had often made excuses for visiting the cottage, and Mrs. Wellington had suitors for her child, who brought various kind presents to herself; but the good woman, alive to the real state of her daughter's affections, gave them no encouragement; and she found that her daughter became annoyed by the repeated visits of young Macdonald. She had almost a mind to speak to Thomas Hewitt upon the subject, as she felt

sure that the young man's heart was in the right place.

Now, Mary Anne Wellington was no longer a child, though but fifteen years of age. She had grown up a fine young woman, and was as tall, and stout, as many of her sex might be at twenty. She had a fine, open countenance, the face rather more round than oval, with an Irish blue eye, full and prominent. If not what painters call a beauty, in the exact proportions of a Madonna, yet there was in that eye, which had been led to look upon the simple truth as far more brilliant than flashing fancies, high honour and virtue. Her father was a man of firmness in religious, as well as martial duties, and his daughter's happiness, he always told her, depended upon her own demeanour. He used to preach one doctrine, which was this: "My dear girl, fear God, and keep his commandments, and you may set all the artillery of the devil at defiance." His poor little boy was but a sickly child, never enjoying good health, and incapable of any great exertion. He outgrew his strength,

from infancy, and fell a martyr to that most fatal but flattering disease, consumption.

Mary Anne, however, was the reverse ; flourishing like a young sapling, she grew up vigorous and promising, and was a good specimen of a British soldier's daughter. She was a virtuous, honest, well-principled young woman, and, as her history will prove, was one worthy to have her humble name recorded among the females of England, for piety as a daughter, wife, mother, and widow. We shall find her history containing many severe trials, and that, perhaps, one of the greatest, which she has now to undergo, of having her life laid before the public, while she is still living, to hear the comments made upon it. God grant, they may be for her own and others good.

“ Hewitt ! Thomas Hewitt is wanted !” called out a young soldier, who put his head into the mess-room, where the band of the 48th were engaged, playing their parts, not upon their respective instruments, but with their teeth, which were making a

sharp attack upon a leg of Andalusian mutton, almost as tough as goat's flesh.

"Who wants him?" said Dan Long, "man, woman, or child? Jew, Turk, or Christian, or Barbary ape, or Spanish ass? Tell him, whoever he may be, that Thomas Hewitt is getting his dinner."

"It is Colonel Donnellan wants him," was the boy's reply; and, as may be supposed, Dan's fun was damped in a moment, as he saw young Hewitt rise up, and go off directly.

Hewitt was at the court-yard door, in an instant, and, with his hand to his forehead, saluted his commanding officer.

"I shall want you, Hewitt, at my rooms, at seven o'clock, this evening, to take part in a concert; but as I simply want the clarionet, I shall not require more than your single attendance. But I did not call you out alone upon this subject. I was coming into barracks, and observed poor Nancy Armstrong that was, waiting outside the gates. I spoke to her, and asked her if she wanted any one of the Regi-

ment. She said she was looking for a messenger to send you word she wanted to speak to you. So now, do not keep the poor woman waiting at the barrack gates."

"I thank you, Colonel; I will go directly."

It was no sooner said than done; and presently, young Hewitt was seen walking down to Waterport street, with Anne Bell, who seemed to have something very particular to communicate. It must be confessed, that Hewitt's previous conversation with old Dan, had rather awakened his suspicions as to the nature of the communication he was about to receive; but the young man had no idea of the kind interest which this amiable friend took in the secret nearest his own heart. When, however, they arrived at her abode, she very earnestly said to him:

"I am going to speak about Mary Anne Wellington."

"I thought so," said Hewitt.

"What made you think so? What made you think so?"

“ Because I have had such a lecture this morning, from the commander of the band, that I fancy almost every one will cry shame upon me.”

“ And was the lecture about Mary Anne Wellington?”

“ Yes, it was. My friend Dan, in no measured terms, gave me to understand his mind.”

“ Then Dan’s a good fellow ; and I will now give you to understand mine. Do you know, that poor girl is suffering tortures on your account ? Here are you, always making her presents, always acting as if you really intended to make her your wife, but neither positively telling her, nor her parents, that such is your intention. I know you love her, and that she loves you ; and yet I know that, for the want of a proper explanation between you, you may both be miserable for life.”

“ You speak exactly as my good father in the band spoke to me this morning. I certainly do love her very dearly, and I certainly should be glad she should unite her fate with mine ; and I have

only been prevented from holding her to an indissoluble engagement, by the consciousness of her youth, and the notion that it was yet too early to think of matrimony."

"And so you would let other young men come forward, and, if not cut you out, yet so afflict the poor young girl, on your account, as to make her life wretched, because she loves you!"

"But, do you think I may speak to her upon the matter?"

"If you let twenty-four hours pass away, without doing so, after what I state to you, then I almost wish you may never speak to her again."

"I will not let five hours pass. I will go directly, and, if I have appeared unkind, and so backward, and so cool, it has been much more from the very warmth of my heart towards her, than from any timidity or coldness. I am thankful to you, Mrs. Bell, and here I give you an invitation to our wedding, wherever, and whenever it shall take place."

“Off with you, then ; for I have almost told her she may expect your declaration.”

“God bless you ! Good bye !”

And the young man was not long before he reached Wellington Cot. He found Mary Anne, sitting at her work, alone. As he entered, a visible anxiety and timidity, amounting to trepidation, came over her, for she had said, but one moment before, looking out at the window, “I wonder whether Mrs. Bell’s prophecy will come to pass !” The words had scarcely escaped from her lips, with a sigh, before she felt confusion overspreading her face, as the door opened, *sans cérémonie*, and young Hewitt entered.

When we are expecting events, and fancy ourselves fully prepared for them, we are often surprised to find how unable we are to bear them without nervousness, when they actually do come. Anticipation is a pleasant thing to feed upon ; but, when reality takes its place, we find a strange difficulty in comporting ourselves according to our preconceived notions of what ought to be our behaviour. So, when young

Hewitt actually did come, and Mary Anne, of course, could suppose he was come but for one purpose, she felt such a strange sensation steal over her mind and frame, that she quite lost her accustomed composure. She did not look up and welcome him with the same liveliness as she had used: but her eyes were cast down upon her work, and her tongue scarcely gave him a welcome.

If she felt awkward, her strange manner made young Hewitt feel the more so; and, as if all that Dan and Mrs. Bell had been lecturing him upon, rose up against him, he felt as if he had been guilty of the greatest cruelty imaginable.

“I hope you will forgive me, Mary Anne!” he commenced.

“Forgive you, Thomas—for what?”

“For my past unkindness towards you.”

“I am not aware of any. On the contrary, you have always been too kind to me, if possible, Hewitt. I have nothing to forgive.”

“If you have not for the past, forgive me for

what I now say,"—and Hewitt's courage here began to rise, and his tongue to become as eloquent, as all people's tongues are, at such a moment.—" I have refrained from a decided declaration of my affection for you, not because I have not felt desirous to ask you to engage yourself to me, but because I thought it would be wrong in me to take advantage of your very youthful years. I hoped too, to let you see by my constancy, that I was so attached to you, that you could not doubt my affection ; and that, when you had seen other young men, and weighed me in the balance with them, I should preponderate. But I am told by my brave friend, Dan, that others are anxious to possess your good opinion, and to win you from me. This causes me to remain no longer inactive, or silent ; but, I am come to declare that, if you can prefer me, such as I am, I am your devoted friend for ever. You cannot doubt me, Mary ! You must believe me sincere."

" I do, indeed, believe you. I have no reason to doubt you ; and I honestly confess, that I have been anxious, Hewitt, you should no longer disguise

yourself under the idea of formal friendship, but that you should shew to others, as well as myself, that your intentions are sincere. You know my regard for you: and, with my parent's consent, there is no part of the world to which I would not go with you. Come, there is my hand, and you already have my heart. But here comes my mother, and you must now reveal to her, what you have said to me."

This was soon done, and mutual good wishes were the result of this declaration.

"I have to play to-night, at a concert, at my Colonel's; and Dan, I fear, will be a little jealous, for I have to make my appearance without him."

"Then I must take charge of him during your absence," said his intended.

Hewitt was in all his glory that evening. His spirit was so full of harmony, his ear so well in tune, and his heart so happy, that, when called upon to play a solo, before an enlightened and elegant audience, the soul of the man seemed to come out

of his instrument and speak in the purest chords of love. He was a good-looking young man, and never was he in a happier mood than he was that night, when he became, though but one of the privates in the band of the 48th, the sincere admiration of all the ladies on the Rock who had any soul for music.

He was invited to party after party, and each time he was presented with a guinea, and not unfrequently received handsome presents from strangers as well as friends. These never made him proud or extravagant; he laid them up in store for the exigencies of the coming year, in which he was to marry Mary Anne Wellington.

That year came—that day came—though it was late in the year; for, though so near Christmas, it was a happy season to all the humble friends of the parties. On the 15th of December, 1805, the young people were married in the chapel of the garrison, as appears by the under-mentioned certificate.

“Thomas Hewitt, Soldier in the 48th Regiment,

Bachelor; and Mary Anne Wellington, Spinster, belonging to the Royal Artillery, were married by Banns in the King's Chapel in this garrison, this 15th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and five, by me

J. HUGHES, A.M.

Chaplain, &c., &c.

This marriage was solemnized between us,

THOMAS HEWITT.

MARY ANNE WELLINGTON.

In the presence of George Wellington, Anne Bell, Isaac Arberry, Susan Carter.

I certify the above to be a true and correct extract.

J. J. HATCHMAN, B.A.

Chaplain to the Forces.

Gibraltar, June 27, 1825.

An extract from Register of Marriage kept in the Garrison of Gibraltar."

But why was not the merry Dan of the wedding party? He was of the party, though not at church, for he had been commissioned by the friends of the

bride and bridegroom to prepare their humble feast at the house of Anne Bell ; and, if ever there was a joyful party upon such an occasion, this was truly such a one. Though in humble life, it was not overlooked by many in the higher circles, neither did the Governor, his Colonel, or the numerous friends of Hewitt, forgot to add to the bridal festival some little delicacy, so well deserved by all the parties.

The Soldier's Daughter thus became the Soldier's Wife ; and, as she was exemplary in her conduct to her parents, so was she a blessing to the soldier whose fortunes she had joined till death.

# THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.



## THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE FIRST TRIAL.

The first year of matrimony ought to be, generally speaking, a year of happiness, and as free from anxiety as the circumstances of human nature will allow. In olden time, a man was excused going out to war during the first year of his married life, and was permitted to cherish his young wife at home, in all the duties and endearments of domestic life. The first year of our young couple's new state of existence, though liable to be interrupted by the call of war, passed without any such

summons. It was for them a year of peace and harmony, not interrupted by any of those heart-rending, agonizing scenes, in which, soon afterwards, they became involved.

Hewitt found the soldier's daughter, young as she was, an exemplary soldier's wife. He was one of the stars of his regiment, for the steadiness of his conduct, the unwearied cultivation of his talents in the arts of harmony and concord of sweet sounds, and was endeared to all his comrades by becoming the ready amanuensis of the whole regiment. This good fellow wrote letters for all his fellow-soldiers ; so that, whether to a sweetheart in some country village at home, or to an old fond father and doting mother, to a hard-working brother, or loving sister—sometimes to the well-remembered minister of the parish, or to the shopkeeper of the district, Thomas Hewitt had to sign the names of all his companions, say something about them, and address each person to whom he wrote, as if he were a dutiful son, an affectionate lover, a dear brother, respectful servant, or humble friend, just as the case might be. No

wonder then that he was beloved by many, for he gave great comfort to hundreds, who otherwise would have had no opportunity of hearing from those of whom they thought and talked in the years of their separation. Hewitt had thus given him an opportunity of conveying good instruction to many a wild young fellow, who afterwards acknowledged his kindness ; for, if he did not write exactly what they were, he always wrote what they ought to have been, and as he always read his letters to them himself, the good private gave proof of a heart that felt for the circumstances of others, and thus inculcated many a moral and christian lesson, which even the ministers of the Church could not give, because they had not the opportunity.

Of a religious turn of mind, and deeply reflective it was a mercy that he was preserved in a station to do good, where the influence of a civilian would have had but little weight. This man's letters, could they be collected, would be found as full of heart-stirring strains of piety—ay, piety—sound piety, without fiction or hypocrisy, as any pastoral letters

of a divine. He had to close the eyes of hundreds of his brave companions, and to fulfil their dying injunctions by writing to their respective friends, from fields of slaughter, from hospitals, from camps, besieged cities, and from mountains and plains where victory crowned the commanders, and death rode triumphant over the nations.

Hewitt and his wife were much respected by persons in a higher rank of society ; he, on account of his talent ; she, from her long residence on the Rock, as the well-known child of the brave artilleryman, whose name she no longer bore. But if she had served that name faithfully as a daughter, she was soon called into more active service by one who bore that name as a title of his highest honours, and still bears it to a good old age, after having seen the mighty antagonist who exalted himself to thrones, kingdoms and dominions, abased to the little rock of St. Helena.

Buonaparte would not long permit Europe to remain in peace. He had obtained sway over all the continental powers : was mighty with his

armies, but significant upon the waters. The navy of Old England rode in majesty upon the waves, and was as mighty in opposing the tyrant on that element, as he had been in subjecting nations on the continent. The French army, and the British navy, seemed invincible. But the destroyer was determined to invite the soldiers of Great Britain to his own overthrow. His restless ambition, though for fifteen years filling Europe with bloodshed, knew no satiety. The sword was the foundation of his sceptre, and when that should be broken, Napoleon must fall. O England ! talk not of misrule, of tyranny, cruelty, and pride ! when did ever a nation suffer so dreadfully from these evils, as in the days of conscription for the armies of the usurper ? Let the most absolute monarch that ever breathed, produce a code of deeper tyranny, than that which violated every tie, and tore up the bosom of every family in France, to serve the madness of Napoleon's pride !

Absolute, indeed, were his edicts ; artful, his lying pamphlets ; and treacherous the minions

whom he employed to over-reach all who confided in him. A monster of public iniquity, a tiger in his blood-thirstiness, an alligator in his rapacity, a hyæna in his cruelty, a serpent in his coiled impatience, a wild bull in his fury; as deceitful as the crocodile, as impetuous as the wild boar, as cunning as the leopard—he partook of all the fiercest natures of the wildest animals of creation, together with the wisdom of the devil, from the days of his rise to those of his degradation. Let those who delight to honour iniquity, raise his name high as the Prince of the power of the air can lift it: true wisdom will ever be able to weigh him in the balance of truth and justice, and will give him his due weight. Who would rob him of a virtue, could he find one to extol? It is said he was brave: there is no such bravery as that which would raise another's name above one's own. Could Napoleon ever bear to hear even his most favourite Generals extolled for manœuvres, battles, or victories, which he did not direct? A man who knows no greater than himself, may direct the arms

of others for his own purposes, but he is too jealous to be a brave man. Let those who admire such an one praise him.

England exhibited a curious spectacle for the nations of the earth to look upon, in the year 1807. She was left without a single ally, to face Napoleon; who, having assumed the titles of Emperor of the French, and King of Italy, with absolute authority over the resources of both countries, had crippled the power of Austria, completely subdued Prussia, and, warned by the failure of his naval enterprizes, had relinquished to Great Britain the undisputed sovereignty of the ocean. Reserving to himself on the other hand, that of the continent, he compelled the States under his influence to renounce all commercial communications with England, and to seize and destroy all goods imported from that country, wherever they were to be found. While the whole of eastern Europe had submitted to his dictation, and joined, what he was pleased to call, the continental system—in the west, Portugal, faithful to her old alliance with us, refused to comply

with his requisition. A French army, under Junot, was, in consequence, despatched to Portugal, which the French entered without resistance; while the royal family, embarking at Lisbon, transferred the seat of Government to Rio Janeiro, in Brazil. Portugal was treated by the invaders as a conquered country; but numerous military bands were formed in the northern provinces of the kingdom, to rescue it from their grasp, and a British army soon arrived, to aid and direct their exertions.

Just at this time, a family quarrel at the Court of Madrid, afforded Napoleon opportunity to interfere, under the mask of a friendly umpire, in the concerns of Spain. The weak Charles IV. abdicated the crown in favour of the French Emperor; his son, Ferdinand, was compelled to do the same, when Napoleon transferred it to his brother Joseph, in exchange for that of Naples, which was given to Murat.

Such were the political events which called the British troops from Gibraltar, and summoned the

subject of these Memoirs to leave her birth-place for the first time, and to accompany her husband to Lisbon. The 48th received orders to embark.

“We must to arms, Hewitt,” said the drum-major: “we must be off to the war again; and, if I mistake not, we shall see many a bloody field before we meet upon this rock again. What do you intend to do with your wife?”

“I will ask you, Dan, what would be best. Shall I send her to my mother in England? Shall I leave her upon the rock with her father? Or shall I take her with me to the war?”

“In this, my good fellow, you apply to your leader of harmony for advice, when he knows not how to give it. Everything must depend upon herself. I never forced my wife to go with me; and you know, I had no reason to urge her to accompany me. But you are a happier man than I was, in that respect; though I feel I ought to have been as happy as you. What says your spouse?”

“She will not hear of my leaving her behind.

She says her father expects to be ordered to Cadiz, and that if she does not accompany me she shall be wretched."

Now, gentle reader, there was no compulsory separation of man and wife in those days, though the most savage and ferocious wars called the husband to battle. Military laws were more merciful in that respect, than the Civil Poor Law of England is at this moment; when, if able-bodied men want relief, from any cause whatever, they must be separated from wives and children, and be subject to a discipline more severe in its privations than even that of warfare. The soldier's wife might march with her husband, or might be his help-mate in the camp, in barracks, or on the field, and only during the hours of military labour—the same as a labourer in the harvest field—was the soldier separated from his companion. England will see her error, one day, and correct the blot upon her wisdom and charity. Thousands who love her, sigh over the cruelty of this law. God grant it may be altered. Oh! that government should be induced to employ the poor in

peaceful labours, instead of giving them the tender mercies of separation and confinement.

“ Well, Hewitt, it is possible, that in such case, she may be better off with you than without you. I have seen enough of this cruel work, and almost wish I had my discharge, and could escort your dear companion to England. Poor thing ! poor thing ! I pity her ! I will talk to her about it, and as I have seen more of the hardships of war than you have, may be, I could induce her to take her chance here, or go to England to your mother.”

“ You must not think of leaving the regiment, Dan. We should lose half our courage if you did. I speak very selfishly too, upon this head. I should lose half my comfort, and I am sure my better half would deeply lament her loss.”

“ Oh ! never fear my deserting the brave 48th, while a man remains in it. Now and then, in the midst of all my fun, desponding moments will pass over my mind, and then I talk of leaving the army ; but do not think I long continue in that way.

No, I quickly recover, and then I am a brave soldier."

The gallant 48th had been greatly respected, while in garrison at Gibraltar. Persons of all ranks felt sorry that the time of their departure had arrived, and farewell ! farewell ! farewell ! was written on the barrack gates, by the hand of many a friend.

Wellington and his wife were much affected at the prospect of their daughter's separation from them ; for they had found her as determined, as if she had never known them. In vain they urged her stay ; she told them it was her duty to go, and that though she loved them dearly, yet she was persuaded she should love them quite as well, and they would love her more, when they found that she was bent on doing her duty, as a soldier's wife. They could not compel her to stay ; but, as young Hewitt was in circumstances to provide for her more comforts than themselves, and as he left it entirely to his wife's choice, to go or not, so her parents did not think fit to press the matter.

Dan Long, however, must have his say; and he was an experienced opponent, and had very forcible powers of argument, in representing his horrible experience.

"And so you are determined to go to the wars, are you, my dear?" said he to Mrs. Hewitt, a day before the transports were ready for their reception. "Now, do you know, I could give you such a description of the sufferings to which soldiers' wives are exposed, that I feel persuaded, I should shake your resolution."

"You may do so, Dan, if you can; but if you can prove to me that it is not my duty to go, and that, if I go to do my duty, God will not take care of me, why then you may terrify me with your representations, and make me a coward; but not till then, brave Dan. So say on what you have to say."

"Well, I never met with such a resolute woman, in my life! Why, you would almost do to wear a sword, and I verily believe you have as much courage as a man."

“A woman has always as much courage in real danger as a man, only not his strength to combat ; but you were going to terrify me. Now, Dan, come, tell me I shall have to sleep on the damp ground, and so will my husband—tell me I shall have to march my shoes off my feet, so will my husband—that I shall be starved, be sun-burnt, be thirsty and hungry, faint, and weary, so will my husband ; and I have promised to be his, ‘for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health: to love, cherish, and obey, till death do us part,’ and so, with God’s help, I do not intend to part with him, until I can no longer be of service to him. Duty ! duty ! duty ! Dan. You must do yours, I must do mine ; and so now, if you have any horrors to communicate, you may as well tell me the worst at once, and then, Dan, you will find me ready to go with my husband. But here he comes, and if he argues as weakly as you do, I shall soon be convinced that he is no better man than you are.”

“You have done for Dan. He will not say another word. Dan is conquered ; but I would go

from Ararat to the Andes, if I could find such a woman as you. She should be Mrs. Long, shortly. Long should she live—long should she be beloved; as long as I, Dan Long, lived, so long would I love her; for I am persuaded, she would be my friend as long as she existed."

"A brave speech," said Hewitt, "and much to the purpose; but I am come to say that we must go on board. I am so beset with kindnesses, now that I am leaving the Rock, that, my dear wife, I feel overpowered by friendship. If I stay longer, I shall be without any heart at all. What say you, my dear, to sailing?"

"Say, Thomas? that I am ready. Wherever you go, I will go; wherever you walk, I will walk; where you abide, there will I be; and, if my heart and hand do not fail me, I believe I shall be of some service as a soldier's wife."

"Spoken like one, at all events," said Dan; "but we must go to play—ay, we must often do so, Thomas, while our comrades go to fight. Of all things in life, I do dislike to play a farewell march.

I feel my heart risē into my throat, and there it sticks. I do not look at any one; if I did, their tears would make my own come; and then what a fool should I look! People would say, 'There goes blubbering Dan, the drum-major of the band of the 48th!' Come, my dear friends, you must say farewell to your relatives; say it for me, for I am an old fellow, and may never see them again. Yet hold; give me ten minutes' start of you. I cannot leave Wellington, without my thanks, and a promise to your mother that I will take care of you."

The brave fellow ran up the Rock, and soon entered Wellington Cot.

"Good bye, my friends, good bye! I am more fit to play the Dead March than the Conquering Hero, for my heart is more tender than I have ever known it since I served as a soldier. Though I have bid farewell to England, Ireland, and Scotland, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, I never felt so queerly as I now do, in leaving the Rock of Gibraltar. Your hands, my friends, and many thanks for your hearty kindnesses to an old soldier. I never knew what it

was to have true friends, like yourselves. God bless you both, for I have never enjoyed such hours of peace, as in your family. That young girl of yours is a gem. Oh! how I wish she might be spared, and her husband too! They are too good to be food for powder. But, if ever I can protect either of them, or do them any service, I will do it for your sakes, as well as for their own. Make yourselves certain that your daughter shall have my greatest care. There, if I stop one moment longer, I shall not be able to look Sir Hugh Dalrymple in the face, and he hates to see a soldier downcast when he goes to do his duty."

"God bless you, Dan! God bless you! Our prayers shall be for you and our children. But we shall see Hewitt and my daughter, before they sail? Where are they?"

"Now coming up the Rock. I shall meet them. Cheer up! cheer up! I will keep my promise; so Wellington, good bye!"

The word was spoken. Dan rushed out of the cottage, shook his head, and stamped his feet, and

then lifted up his brave head to heaven, exclaiming, "God's peace be with them!" The man who, in general, was light-hearted and off-hand, found himself heavy in heart, tearful in the eye, and trembling in the hand. His spirit, however, was none the worse for this gratifying effusion of Christian love.

Gentle reader, I would spare you the last interview between parents and child. But why should you refuse to let nature drop one kindly tear of sympathy, when the writer of the page confesses that over the narrative of the soldier's wife, as he recorded this last interview of affection, he was betrayed into that weakness, which it is no shame for you or any man to feel. Does not the daughter of a common soldier feel as much as a princess at the separation of natural ties?—Romance and fiction may excite a momentary depression, and the effect passes away. Truth is more effective, and more endearing.

The brave soldier, Wellington, pressed his daughter to his heart. The mother wept upon her neck

—the little brother, with his pale face, kissed the warm cheek of his devoted sister; and the young soldier, Hewitt, felt a severe pang that he should be the cause of such a painful parting.

“ My dear girl, I do not ask you to stay with me against your wishes, but promise me this one thing, that, if your husband finds the danger of his situation too great, and can obtain safety for you in England, at his entreaty you will leave him for a place of security.”

“ Dear father! dear father! make yourself happy on my account. Assure yourself that, if my husband commands me to leave him, I will obey him. It is not a little thing that will make him take that step: for he will never hear me complain of hardship in his campaign, any more than I have done of his kindness upon this Rock! I shall not cease to pray for you; I have just received a clasped bible from the Rev. Mr. Hughes, and I shall make good use of it. Dear father and mother, may Heaven protect you both!”

Young Hewitt's heart was too full for much speak-

ing. He could only press the hands of Wellington and his wife, and, with one devout prayer, in which they all joined him, he left that spot, never more to see those friends in whose society he had so long delighted. It was the last farewell with them.

A vast concourse assembled to see the 48th depart. Sir Hugh Dalrymple and Colonel Donnellan were talking together, as the regiment arrived in companies to go on board. The Governor addressed the officers and soldiers uncovered; thanked them for their uniform good conduct, expressed a hope to hear of the same display of gallantry in the fields of Portugal and Spain that they had exhibited in Egypt: then courteously bowing to them all, he was hailed with one hearty cheer from the ranks, and, shaking the Colonel and several officers by the hand, he raised his hand as a signal, and immediately the Rock sent forth such a thundering salute from its guns, that words of parting could be heard no more.

Handkerchiefs and hands waved long and lovingly from many a friend to the 48th upon that Rock.

The boats departed. Troop after troop ascended the sides of the transports: "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" resounded from the ships, as the sails were unfurled, the anchors weighed, and British soldiers, amidst British sailors, left the Bay of Gibraltar for the bloody fields of Spain.

Wellington sat at one of the port-holes of the celebrated gallery, to watch the departure of one he loved. "There she goes!" said he to himself. "Oh, what a pang it is to lose a daughter! Yet, God's will be done! The young fellow is a good husband, and I ought to be glad. But nature will be sorrowful, even when wisdom bids us rejoice."

He watched the vessel, till she became a speck, and then vanished from his sight. He had other duties to perform: he had to console his partner for her loss. He saw written in a thousand places on the Rock the praises of his friends, and found that an actual gloom was spread over many a fair face at their departure.

The vessel in which our heroine sailed, duly arrived at Peniche, and, some time afterwards, at the

mouth of the Tagus : after all proper announcements, the Portuguese assisted the strangers to land, and they entered Lisbon amidst the exultation of thousands of those brave men, who, had they but before resisted the French invaders, would have found it an easier task to get rid of them than they afterwards did.

Barracks had been prepared for the English troops : the women who had families were sent to one quarter ; those who were expecting a family (in which state was our interesting heroine) to another, and those in neither situation, to another. Thus the first trial of our young couple was over, and the soldier's wife began to prepare for the coming events of the campaign.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE SEPARATION.

SIR Hugh Dalrymple soon followed to the Peninsula, to supersede Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Arthur Wellesley. The great General had already gained two signal victories over the French forces at Roleia and Vimiera, on the 17th and 21st of August, 1808. He had, in this short campaign, exercised that consummate skill which proved to every soldier under his command that he was the man to lead forth the armies of Britain to battle. When Sir Hugh arrived, he heard of the movements of Sir Arthur, and, with characteristic generosity, and confidence in his skill, he did not interfere with his command;

he went on to Mondego Bay, and there awaited the tidings of Sir Arthur's success. But when he found that this gallant and able commander had been superseded by Sir Harry Burrard, he then did not scruple to exercise the authority which he had received from England. Sir Arthur never knew the fact of Sir Hugh's non-interference, until he stood before the Court of Inquiry in England. Had he done so, there is no doubt, from the noble spirit of the hero, that he would have long before acknowledged the delicate compliment which had thus been paid to his superior abilities.

Never would the Convention of Cintra have taken place, upon the terms it did, on the 30th of August, had Sir Hugh's disposition towards Sir Arthur been known! It is of no use now to refer to these things. It is not the object of this work. The matter was brought to an end. The French evacuated Portugal; Sir Arthur left for England, and British valour, with Portuguese insurrections and Spanish disaffection, though continuing to stir up commotions in the Peninsula, led to the most

disastrous consequences ; before Sir Arthur again visited Portugal, it was a very serious question with the British government, whether all interference in the struggle between those contending parties should not be abandoned. Brave but unconnected efforts had been made : advances to Salamanca had been gained : Sir John Moore had been deceived, and all the advantages obtained had only provoked the French Tiger to come on the more fiercely to drive the English into the sea. True, the Briton retired like a lion, bayed by overpowering numbers, and at Corunna gave proof that he would not be beaten, though he was retiring. He was unwilling to give up a good cause, knowing that it is much better to be a sufferer in such case, than to be triumphant in a bad one.

But the moral effect upon the people of Portugal was fearful, when they became alive to the thought that England was about to desert their cause. The people in Lisbon were almost mad ; and such a feeling of angry passion arose against the British soldiers, that the populace would undoubtedly have

murdered as many as they could lay hands on, before they embarked.

But Sir Arthur arrived to take the command of the armies in the Peninsula, and hope again sprang up in the breasts of a brave people, who only wanted the discipline of British officers, and the example of British privates, to lead them on to the liberation of their country from tyranny and oppression. The moment it was known that Sir Arthur was in command, every soldier felt that he should soon be called into action; and it was at this period that our young heroine, the soldier's wife, received from her husband a command most difficult to obey.

A letter had arrived from England for Hewitt, which informed him that his own mother was now a widow. She had left the city of Norwich, and had gone to a situation as housekeeper, in Colchester. She urged her son, if he could not leave the war himself, not to take his partner into danger with him, adding that she would take care of her in England, if he would send her over; and that

she had the means, and it would give her great happiness, to have her in Colchester during the war.

“ Dear wife,” said the young fellow to her, “ I know, by Sir Arthur’s arrival, we are not to be here much longer. He is not a man, as Dan says, to trifle away his time. He comes with full powers and fixed resolutions, and we shall have an onward march before many days. Now, Mary, I must give my most cruel orders. But, afflicting as they are to myself, they must be given, and you must obey them.”

“ What are they ? You will not find me disobedient. I only hope that they are for your honour, and I am sure they will be for my pleasure.”

“ They are, dear Mary, to go to England, and live with my mother, for a time.”

“ I did not think you would order that, Thomas. Oh ! let me stay ! let me stay, I conjure you ! You have never heard me complain ; why banish me from you ?”

“Because, my dear, you know I love you. You are not aware of the terrible state this country is now in; how horribly infatuated the people are; and how dreadful must be the hardships of a soldier’s wife. Fancy your accompanying us, up mountain gorges, over rocks covered with snow, up steep ravines, through rivers, woods, marshes, and plains, sometimes without a covering, night or day. We have no tents to pitch at night, and our bivouac must frequently be made upon the wet ground.”

“And what are all these, Thomas, to being separated from you, and going to England with not a soul to care about me? Oh! give me leave to follow you!”

“I cannot give my consent. I am induced to be firm, not only from seeing the state you are now in, but also from the knowledge that it would be your death to follow me in a campaign, which must now be attended with such tremendous battles as Europe never beheld. Oh, Mary! think, my dear, what a coward it will make me, to know I suffer double hardship, double pangs, in your painful situation!

Now, do accept my mother's offer. The Colonel has kindly promised me that he will himself speak to the Captain of the vessel, and he stated that the same ship which has now brought our able Commander to Lisbon, the *Surveillante*, takes back any soldiers' wives who may be disposed to embark. If not for my sake, dear wife ! if not for your own, at least for your unborn babe's sake, your first—do not run the risk of its destruction !”

Poor Mary was silent. She sobbed bitterly, but she could not plead against nature. Her husband saw her distress, and, with honourable affection, urged her immediate departure.

“ I should like my first to be born in England. I know my poor mother would be glad to be a mother to it. Come, cheer up, my dear ! You know, I shall always reflect that I urged your going to England for your good. You shall hear from me frequently. So, cheer up, dearest ! cheer up !”

It was no small fortitude that the brave fellow exercised at this moment ; for his cheerful partner

was, in a true and faithful sense, the soldier's friend, and sincerely, deeply attached, to her good husband.

The vessel appointed to carry back the first despatch of Sir Arthur, after his arrival at Lisbon, was anchored near the rock, and ready to depart. Many a brave fellow then separated from his partner for ever, for the kindness of officers had persuaded several soldier's wives to return to England, so that our young heroine was not alone. Lonely she was, notwithstanding the great feeling which the sailors on board the *Surveillante* exhibited, in their hearts and manners, towards the British soldier's wife.

“ Let's hope we shall all meet again ! ” said Dan to his daughter, as he called the young wife : “ let's hope we shall all meet again ! Keep this little token of remembrance of me,” said the veteran, as he gave her a pocket-book, in which he had preserved his chronicles. “ Take care of it for me. If it please God any of us reach our native shores, we shall like to look over the chronicles of the 48th, and speak of past times, with a sigh. But, Mary,

we must improve the present. So, dear, in the hopes of hearing of your good, and with prayers for your future steps, one kiss for old Dan, and God bless you."

If Dan had one, how many had her fond husband? Reader, have you ever, like the writer of these pages, seen, in your youth, England's brave sons and daughters departing for the wars? If so, your heart, like the writer's, has swelled with agony to think, that such scenes were necessary. Husbands and wives, fathers and daughters, lovers, kindred, and friends, did the eyes, which now follow the pen upon the paper, behold in the writer's youthful days, parting, many of them for ever. He had brothers and sisters so circumstanced, and with words of comfort did his young mind seek to pacify their griefs. He was but a boy; yet the memory of hundreds whom he saw at Harwich, Ipswich, and Colchester, leaving their country for the continent, lives with him to this day.

Once indeed, he was very near being made a soldier of, himself. Colonel Fyers, of the Engineers,

who was a great friend of his mother's, had persuaded his parents to let him enter the Flying Artillery, and had promised to take charge of him. But the writer had his choice. He chose that profession which is now his own, and counted on entering it with as much fervour, as ever soldier on entering into battle. Reader, he was a high-spirited boy. He has fought many a tough battle with himself, been placed in many a perilous position, but never was without a friend, or a brother to cheer him. He writes what he feels. God be praised for all his mercies ! You will honestly say, Amen, if you can feel them for yourself and others, as the writer of these lines does at this moment ; and, reader, I believe thou canst !

Our young heroine was lifted on board, in a state of woe, which, though painful to all to witness, was not a singular case. She was not alone. Other soldiers' wives sat around her on the deck of the vessel ; and, if none were so young, yet were they equally bereft. There were ladies too, officers' wives, whose subdued and tender griefs were fortified by

stronger minds, by education, and condition of life. They set a good example by their calmness, which greatly tended to raise the drooping spirits of those of their own sex on board. Our young heroine, among the number, was perfectly sensible of the kindness of those ladies, as well as the attentions of the officers of the ship, and of the sailors. The voyage from Lisbon to Portsmouth was performed in five days. The *Surveillante* reached Portsmouth in safety, and landed her crew and passengers at that sea-port.

Never did any poor creature feel so desolate as the young soldier's wife, upon her landing in England. No friend near her—no house—no home—no partner; she stood weeping upon the shore, with her bundle under her arm, looking the picture of wretchedness and anxiety. In vain did the wife of one of her husband's comrades try to cheer her. She could think of nothing but her husband, and wished herself a thousand times with him at Lisbon.

“What do you do here, young women?”

said an officer to them, “ and why are you weeping ?”

“ Alas ! Sir, we have left our husbands, and know not what to do with ourselves.”

“ Have you no friends in England ?”

“ My husband’s mother lives at Colchester, but I know not where Colchester is, nor how to get there ; and my companion lives, or her friends rather, live at service at a solicitor’s, in Billiter Square, London.”

“ Well, there is no great difficulty then in either case. You must both lodge in Portsmouth to-night. To-morrow you must go to Portsea, where you will each receive, at the Pay Office, one guinea, to take you to your homes. You can both, then, go on to London together, by the waggon, to-morrow night ; and any person will direct you to some conveyance thence to Colchester. But take care of your money and yourselves. My servant shall show you a respectable lodging-house for this night, and I would then advise you to go on your journey.”

This British officer was Ponsonby, who, to all the

bravery and military talent of his profession, added the highest honour, and the noblest qualities of a Christian. He was a friend to the soldier's wife, and like a guardian angel on the shores of Britain, directed her from danger, and well merited her blessing.

The next day the two females went, with others, to Portsea, and their names having arrived from the Commander of the *Surveillante*, they each received a guinea, with which they took a place that day by the waggon going to London. Not that Hewitt had sent his wife home without money. He had given her half of what he had earned, and it amounted to more than a sufficiency; but his prudent wife well knew, that it would not do to shew money if it were to be taken care of; and how long it might be before she should obtain a further supply from her husband, she could not tell. He had not cautioned her in vain. She made no display, but bound up in the clothes she wore the store which Hewitt had provided; keeping a few scattered shillings and pence in her pocket. But all

her travelling companions knew that she had a guinea, so that she could not have been thought to be in want.

The waggon arrived at the Saracen's Head, and she was directed to the Four Swans, Bishopsgate, for the Colchester van. On her entering a shop or office, to inquire her way to the starting-place of the van, a gentleman, or rather a man who had the appearance of one, followed her out, saying he would show her the way.

"Where are you going, young woman?" he inquired.

"I am going, Sir, to my husband's mother, who lives at Colchester, in Essex."

"Husband! Why, surely you have not a husband! Where is he, that he should leave you to take so long a journey by yourself?"

"He is gone to the wars, Sir, and I am a native of Gibraltar, and have come from Lisbon, where I left my husband with his regiment, and I am going to live for a time with his mother."

"Ho! ho! so you are a soldier's wife, are you?"

So young too, and so fine a woman, you ought not to be left without a friend ! I will befriend you. Here, step with me up this alley, I want some further conversation with you. This is all in your way."

The poor unsuspecting woman followed her conductor, who, taking her out of the public thoroughfare, turned round, and in a familiar manner accosted her, offering to take her home with him, and to let her live with him till her husband came back from the continent ; telling her she should live like a lady, and want nothing. He then ventured to shew her gold, and to propose terms of villany, such as at once opened the eyes of the young wife.

She was no fool to be thus dazzled by a tempter, to forsake her God, her faith, and her husband. She replied :

" I am a poor soldier's wife, and you are a fine gentleman, in appearance ; but your heart, Sir, is blacker than any chimney in these streets. Was it for this you undertook to be my guide, that you might take advantage of my misery ? Oh !

wretched man ! Do you thus hope to be happy ? Let me be gone, Sir ; and, if this be your proffered kindness to the wife of one who is fighting for your peace, may you soon know what it is to want assistance yourself, and then, perhaps, you will learn to pity others."

There was that kind of bold front, of virtuous indignation, in this simple declaration of innocence, that the seducer was cowed, and literally afraid to urge her by any further importunities. He told her the way she ought to go to Bishopsgate, which was back through the alley she had entered ; but, coward-like, and little caring whether she found her way right or not, when he found he could not have his way, he left her.

"Resist the devil," she said to herself, "and he will flee from thee. I have not forgotten my brave parent's advice, 'Keep God's commandments, and you may set the devil's artillery at defiance.' "

She acted nobly upon that advice, and rejoiced that, through the temptation, she had found a safe

way to escape. Alas ! how many do not ? How many are induced to listen to the voice of flattery and passion, and make shipwreck of their faith ?

This was one of those events which teach a young woman that God is her strength, and that in the hour of danger she shall be protected. She was protected, by an unseen protection, at whose influence in this instance, infidels may smile, but angels will rejoice. She arrived at the Four Swans, took her place, and went on to Colchester. She inquired of the waggoner if he knew where one Mrs. Martin, a broker, lived, in that town. She was directed rightly, and knocked at Mrs. Martin's door.

A woman of low stature, and bent down, rather with infirmity than age, opened the door.

“ Who are you, my good woman ; and what do you want with Mrs. Martin ? ”

“ I am directed to ask for Mrs. Hewitt here.”

“ Mrs. Hewitt ! If you are a Mrs. Hewitt your-

self, and a soldier's wife, come in this moment, come in!" and, with much eagerness, she was shown into a little back-parlour, on the same floor with the shop.

"There, take a seat, poor young soul! take a seat. Why, you have not come all the way from Portugal?"

"Indeed I have!"

"Then you must be very tired, my dear! very tired!"—as if she imagined that the soldier's wife had walked all the way from Portugal. "Come, rest yourself, poor thing!" And the good woman helped her off with her dusty apparel, and did her best to cheer her.

"But where is my husband's mother?" asked the traveller.

"We'll talk about her presently, poor soul! How is your husband?"

"He was well when I left him. I am anxious to see if I can trace any resemblance to my dear man, in his fond mother."

The young woman thought she saw a tear fall from Mrs. Martin's eye, and in a moment, filled with strange forebodings, she said :

"Hewitt's mother is not ill, is she? Where is she? Oh! do let me convey her son's love with my own lips!"

A tear did earnestly and quickly fall, for when the good Mrs. Martin lifted up her face, to look more intently on the warm-hearted speaker, she saw such intense inquiry in her look, that she could refrain no longer.

"Alas! poor soul! Mrs. Hewitt has been dead and buried, these ten days!"

The blow fell indeed severely on our young heroine, and was ultimately attended with consequences dangerous to her life. She spoke not, but fell into a chair, and swooned. The sudden shock of disappointment had been too great for her. Her senses swam in a strange whirl, and Mrs. Martin had to call in a neighbour to her assistance. The poor young woman was carried up to bed--the same bed on which her husband's

mother had been nursed, and she did not leave it for near two months. So sudden a blow had caused indeed, a premature confinement, and in sorrow and suffering the little stranger entered this life, scarcely once to smile; but to pine, to linger, to be baptized, and to die.

Wretched was the mother, unhappy was the good woman; if the soldier's wife had been her own daughter, she could not have been more kind to her. Yet she was unhappy, because she had not perceived the state in which the young woman was, before she revealed to her the death of her mother-in-law.

Poor Mary Anne slowly recovered; she had great fever and inflammation, and at one time it was a great doubt whether she would lose her reason or her life. Both were in great danger; but by God's favour and blessing upon a naturally vigorous constitution, the young creature gradually gained upon her enemy, and at length sat up in that bed where she had lain so long.

She was visited by the minister of St. Peters, and others, who took great interest in her situation.

Her history was well known at the time, and several ladies took upon themselves to visit and to comfort the distressed wife.

Her mind also, gradually recovered its strength, and she conversed with Mrs. Martin upon her loss.

“Oh ! had I known that I should have found Hewitt’s mother gone, I would never have left Portugal ; but did not any one write to her son ? Oh ! how I wish we had heard of this before we separated ! What agony might it not have spared us !”

“Depend upon it, dear,” said the old lady, “he knows of it by this time, for we wrote twice—first to tell him of our fears, and again to state that the worst had happened.”

“How wretched he will be on my account ! He will be only the deeper sufferer because of my absence. He dreaded leaving me only for a few hours unprotected. How will he feel now, when he thinks I have not a friend ? He cannot imagine that I have so many kindnesses shown to me. Oh !

let me not complain ! But the poor mother ! What was the cause of her death ?”

“ It was considered to be brain fever, brought on by over-anxiety. I never saw a creature so anxious to see her son. She told me, poor thing, her history. She was more than joyful at the letters she received, stating her son’s marriage, and his intention of persuading you to go to Colchester. She was so anxious that you should come here, and that I should do everything for you, that I believe she would have sold the gown off her back, for your comfort. All her earnings are in my hands, for you, and all that belonged to her is your property. Each day she lived, she hoped for your arrival ; and when, poor thing, she was told she must not expect to see you, I shall never forget her pious resignation. How soon she left all worldly things behind her, covering them only with her prayers ! She died a calm and placid death, though to the very last, big tears rolled from her eyes, as if the fountain within would never cease. When it became dry, life was extinct. She died a sincere penitent.”

"So, Mrs. Martin, may you and I ! I feel that I could have loved that poor woman with the affection of a daughter. But she is gone, and poor Hewitt will only afflict himself about me. When I get well, I will go back to Portugal. I must write to him as soon as my strength will permit, and I know he will be anxious to see me."

"Do not make yourself over-anxious: my house may be your home as long as you like to live in it, but do not think of going back again to the wars without first hearing how it fares with your husband. I am glad to see you getting better."

It was a mercy that our heroine had fallen into such good hands as those of the careful widow at Colchester. She was strictly an honest woman. She gave an exact account to the soldier's wife, of all that had been placed in her hands. She had the joy of seeing her gain strength day after day, till she was enabled to taste again the pure air of the hills, and to hope for a sufficient return of vigour to enable her to rejoin her husband.

That poor fellow was engaged in the struggles of

the Peninsula; in how warm a manner will be learned by his own account, which reached his loving wife in a letter directed to her at Mrs. Martin's, Broker, St. Peter's, Colchester. With delight did she receive her husband's first letter, which shall be given in the succeeding volume. In this, it is only necessary to add that, in the course of three months, she became convalescent.

END OF VOL. I.

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